T. LIBRARY

The ARYAN PATH

Vol. XXXII FEBRUARY 1961 No. 2

CONTENTS

CONSCIENCE—THE BRIDGE (EDITORIAL) 49

MAN IN EAST AND WEST—HIS DIVISION AND HIS UNITY—II—*By Howard L. Parsons* 52

COLERIDGE VERSUS COMBERBACHE—*By Sylva Norman* 58

KAJ MUNK—AN APPRECIATION—*By Dilip Kumar Sen* 65

BLIND (POEM)—*By Herbert Bluen* 68

"ACCORDING TO THEIR FIRST INSTITUTIONS AND ORDINANCE"—*By Deryck Abel* 69

ERWIN SCHROEDINGER—CITIZEN OF THE WORLD—*By R. M. Fox* 72

THE LANGUAGE OF THE HOSPITAL—*By D. Gurumurti* 74

THE STATUS OF WOMEN IN ANCIENT INDIA—*By Shamsuddin* 75

THE SONG OF INDIA (POEM)—*By V. K. Gokak* 78

NEW BOOKS AND OLD—

EASTERN AND WESTERN PSYCHOLOGY—*By Kenneth Walker* 79

REVIEWS—*By V. R. Trivedi, D. G. Londhey, Sudhin Ghose, S. K. Ramachandra Rao, Sister Vajira, Hugh J. Schonfield, P. T. Raju, Dennis Gray Stoll, Hugh I'A. Fausset, Sylva Norman, L. Marr, Marcus Ward, Howard Sergeant, Prema Nandakumar and Dilip Kumar Sen* 80

A LEAF FROM A BELGIAN DIARY—*By Baldoon Dhingra* 91

ENDS AND SAYINGS 92

EMILY GREENE BALCH 96

"THEOSOPHY HALL," NEW MARINE LINES — BOMBAY, INDIA

THE ARYAN PATH

ORGAN OF THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF WORLD CULTURE

Editor: SOPHIA WADIA

Assistant Editor: RAMESHCHANDRA SIRKAR

ADDRESSES

Editorial Office:	"THEOSOPHY HALL" 40, New Marine Lines Bombay 1
Managerial Office:	No. 1/1, Bugle Rock Road, Basavangudi Bangalore 4
London Office:	62, Queen's Gardens London, W. 2
Indian Institute of World Culture	No. 6, Shri B. P. Wadia Road Basavangudi Bangalore 4

* * * * *

CONTRIBUTIONS—The Editor is responsible for unsigned articles only and is not necessarily in agreement with the views of the contributors, to whom free expression of opinion is given.

SUBSCRIPTIONS—THE ARYAN PATH is published monthly. No subscriptions are accepted for less than twelve months, but subscriptions may begin with any desired number. All orders should be accompanied by the necessary remittance to the Manager, THE ARYAN PATH, 1/1, Bugle Rock Road, Bangalore 4, or to our London Office at 62, Queen's Gardens, London, W. 2.

PRICES:

India—Single copy 75 *naye paise*; per annum Rs. 6.00

Europe—Single copy 1*s*. 6*d*; per annum 12*s*. or equivalent.

Americas—Single copy 35 cents; per annum $3.00

All post free

Back numbers are available on special application

THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXII FEBRUARY 1961 No. 2

CONSCIENCE—THE BRIDGE

[WE reprint this Editorial from THE ARYAN PATH, January 1932.—ED.]

THE INNER LIFE is a discipline. From remote antiquity, the culture of consciousness has been regarded as an intimate life-experience. Self-control or self-expression, Second-Birth or Integration, whatever the name—it is an *inner* realization, not a mental recognition. In this lies the stupendous, nay the unbridgeable gulf between the method of acquiring ordinary knowledge and that of acquiring esoteric wisdom which is *sui generis*. What the mind learns it learns by inner experience, not with the help of the outer senses. What the Soul intuits it does by an inner ideation, not dependent on mental reflection. The only process analogous to it in ordinary life is the functioning of the voice of conscience—sometimes valued as the infallible voice of the Soul, whereas it is but the voice of the accumulated experience of the lower or the personal man; and at times the voice of desire and fleshly impulses is mistaken for it. What the voice of conscience is to the human brain and blood, that—and something more—is the voice of the Spiritual Soul to the human heart and the inner invisible sensorium.

The greatest service which conscience renders is not in its protective action which tells us what *not* to do, but in its provocativeness which is a mysterious, silent symbol. Conscience is an awakener, it gives the indication that an inner universe exists. The universe of gods, heroes, geniuses, is glimpsed when we wake up to this second and symbolic aspect of conscience. The lighthouse affords a good comparison: it flashes its message of "don't come near here." The message is ever active and beneficently protective. But the lighthouse is also a silent symbol—the steady, revolving, and blazing power which tells the sailor what not to do, leaving him to find out, by other means, how to reach his haven of safety. It is self-

evident that the lighthouse has a silent and invisible message about the existence of the port and the way thereto.

This double inter-working is the only link between the world of mortals and that of gods, heroes, and geniuses. Conscience is the internal organ, the path or the bridge, between the desire-fraught mind of man and his Spirit-illumined Soul. The Divine Ego and the personal self are joined by conscience. From the lower side it stores the innumerable experiences gathered in the world of senses; into the higher it opens the Door to the Holy of Holies. The bridge lies inward, behind and beyond the jungle of the world, and leads to the garden of Eden.

The first requirement for the higher life is that a man should know himself. The starting point of self-knowledge is this internal organ called conscience whose "don'ts" must be heeded and *while heeded must be understood*. The paths are many; Muhammed's description is graphic—there are as many ways to God as there are breaths of the children of men. The conscience-organ represents the evolution of the past; it exists in the foolish as in the wise man; therefore its injunctions and modes of assistance differ for each. But feeble or strong it exists, and *in each it is the starting point*. Its first or protective help which warns us against repetition of old blunders makes for the discipline of ordinary life. The idea of what is proper in life is formulated by conscience which keeps us away from the pitfalls of the soul. Good people mostly live by "don'ts," because they live by the voice of conscience; it is well that they heed that voice, but that is not sufficient; they must probe and ascertain its why and wherefore. "It is not done," is conservatism and orthodoxy; a consideration of why it is not or should not be done liberalizes and then liberates. The higher life is a liberalizing pursuit. It is not merely repetitionary like ordinary life; it cannot be said of it *labitur et labetur*.

The discipline of life reveals ideals—we live in a particular way because we aspire to live up to particular ideals. One's code of morals has a soul and a body—ideals are the Soul, and conduct forms the body. Scientific cultivation of conscience is the very first right step. Why shall a person not lie, nor steal, nor commit adultery? Why is it better to be generous than to be mean; why is it noble to be sympathetic and ignoble to be scornful? Why is cruelty bad and compassion good? These and like questions enable a man to know himself—his virtues and peccabilities. This enquiry leads him to the preparation for Second-Birth. Strange as it may sound, there are illegitimate twice-borns, and we have the phenomenon of the libertine genius, the voluptuary poet, the debauchee and drunkard who creates not in spite of, but because of, debauchery and drink. Eastern

Occultism warns—beware of illegitimate ways; they lead to Abaddon.

The legitimate way to the inner life lies through Conscience—the Path of Communication. It is the fearless questioning of one's own beliefs, habits and hopes. We have to free our minds from all the ideas which we may have derived from heredity, from education, from surroundings, or from sundry teachers. This freeing of the mind from the bondage of acquired habits is spoken of in Eastern Occultism as the courting of the Soul, before the betrothal which is followed by the consummation of marriage. The period of courtship is full of adventures, mishaps, happinesses and dejections. It more often brings forth failure, as the rules of the subtle game of Soul-courtship are not observed, mostly because of ignorance, but sometimes because of the spirit of venture or self-opinionatedness or impatience. These three are the dangers in Soul-courtship. Do not be impatient; leave self behind, fight and overcome all obstacles not by spasmodic and fitful ventures, but by steady thinking and steadfast adherence to the rules of this most ancient of games. Just as a man's whole routine of life undergoes a change when he falls in love and goes a-courting, so also the moorings and discipline of life undergo a transformation when the Inner Enchanter is encountered. The glamours of sense, of mental deception, of selfish attachment are seen in their true light; a revision of discipline takes place; new modes of thought and of labour are perceived; above all, the beauty and the truth of things take new values. The result of the whole experience compels the man to give up more than one personal habit, such as practised in ordinary social life, and on the other hand to adopt some few ascetic rules.

Conscience then is the first step.

And through thee I believe
In the noble and great who are gone;
Pure souls honoured and blest
By former ages, who else . . .
Seem'd but a dream of the heart,
Seem'd but a cry of desire.
Yes! I believe that there lived
Others like thee in the past,
. . . souls temper'd with fire,
Fervent, heroic and good
Helpers and friends of mankind.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD

MAN IN EAST AND WEST
HIS DIVISION AND HIS UNITY*

[In this, the second part of this article, **Professor Howard L. Parsons** writes approvingly of the growing synthesis of Eastern and Western thought; for "man must be wrought in the tension of peaceful void and vigorous form, combining in evolving opposition the moist, low mysticism of the East and the dry, high science of the West." — Ed.]

II

That science which idolizes man in abstraction from nature, and that mysticism which meekly loses itself in the worship of nature, are both partial and pinched. The one gives man all the power and glory, the other gives that to nature; the one is arrogant, the other is submissive. Man deserves a riper development than these alone can yield. Yet implicit within each lies the germ of man's fulfilment: that principle of dynamic and progressive interaction of man and nature, the power that draws man into nature and nature into man through a science that releases man's capacities for perception, for feeling, for thought, for sympathy, for memory, for love, and for devotion to the whole creative enterprise of man, of nature's creatures, and of nature herself. Such power it is that creates that society of friends embracing animals and plants and even minerals, friends who in their endless dialogue of understanding, controlling, and enjoying one another are forever enjoying and changing one another. In that natural home and garden, in that city of brotherly love, men and women and children may be detached, but not without attachment; clearly rational, but not without reverence for life. There man may live, and live well, and live sacrificially, so that when he comes to die he may know that his death is not only a testimony that he has fought the good fight but also a promise that he has kept faith with the multitude of lives to come.

So the attitudes of East must interact and trade and fuse and evolve with those of the West if a whole and creative mankind is to arise. It is true that East and West are not perfect opposites or complements: the East has produced humanistic mystics and the West unitary naturalists; but the East has lacked the tools of science, and the West the resources of mysticism. Combine the cycling of the *Tao* or of *Brahmā* with the linear

* The research for this article has been supported in part by aid from the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research.

history of the West and you have the spiral of creative mankind. Mate the mothering of the East and the fathering of the West and you have the children of intelligent love. We need one another, and, as lovers cry one to another, we cannot live apart. As Nature herself is the interacting of opposites and the transformation of differences into higher contrasts, so man, as icon and participant in nature, when he is true to his nature, cherishes and develops this dialectic in himself and with other natures. Thus the attitudes of receptivity and control, of undergoing and doing, of unifying and separating, are mutually indispensable. As the hand guides the eye, giving its vision depth and solidity, so the eye can guide the hand, giving it the proper touch, foresight, and uncompulsive delight; or in the figure of the Sankhya, blind matter and lame spirit co-operate in getting out of a forest; so man East and man West need each other, as one hemisphere needs another to constitute a rounded and symmetrical globe. Huntington has said that a primary factor in man's creativity has been "cyclonic storms with their constant alternation between masses of warm, moist, tropical air, and cool, dry, polar air."[11] So man must be wrought in the tension of peaceful void and vigorous form, combining in evolving opposition the moist, low mysticism of the East and the dry, high science of the West.

To go forward East and West must go backward, recovering that dynamic centre, that integrative principle, that stabilizing source of life which prevents perversions, harmonizes diversities, co-ordinates individuations, heals breaches, socializes retreat, and gently transforms brute power into works of art. Yet as these lines are written this process is occurring: the East, which has never been wholly mystical or ascetic, has grasped the tools of science and is commencing to transform flood into electricity and waste into fruits; and the West, whose poets at least trusted Nature, and could say

> He prayeth well who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast,

is turning back to nature. Even America has bred and nurtured her romantics, and if Thoreau and Emerson and Whitman had no vast hearing in the press and the pulpits and the platforms of the big cities, still the ponds and the woods and hills from which they borrowed all the beauty of their hues and the resonance of their notes now echo back to us of later time their moods and messages, as if these were returning to us with

---

[11] *Mainsprings of Civilization*. ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON (John Wiley and Sons, Inc., New York. 1945), p. 369.

intensified meaning and power, much as a child on entering into maturity suddenly realizes the richness of his ancestry. Under the influence of professional philosophers as diverse in their emphases as Peirce, James, Dewey, Santayana and Whitehead, Western philosophy has tended to turn away from metaphysical flight that is content with nothing less than resting on the uppermost roost of the Supernatural. We may say that Santayana's sonnet on the Icarian metaphysician is the most ironically gentle, if not the last, epitaph written to the genteel tradition and its grandiloquent patriarchs. The poet could well afford to smile, for he himself was a patriarch of the realm of spirit, all too sensitively conscious of his origin, his participation, and his destiny in the realm of matter.

Even Western science, though sporadically, as in the Tennessee Valley Authority, has returned to rely on and carefully utilize its natural springs. So thought returns to resume its role as the natural associate of bodies, as mind (Whitehead points out) has been put back into nature by modern biology. "The purpose of philosophy," wrote Whitehead, "is to rationalize mysticism."[12]

"Reversal is the movement of the *Tao*." So the West like the East is changing in the direction of its opposite. Whitehead's philosophy of organism is touched at every point by the influence of modern science and the distinctive realistic and empirical temper of Western philosophy. Yet he could write that it "seems to approximate more to some strains of Indian, or Chinese, thought, than to western Asiatic, or European, thought."[13] And it is not without significance that one of the most important early expositions of his philosophy is that by an Indian, Ras-Vihary Das, in *The Philosophy of Whitehead*.[14] Whitehead's speculations at times sound like those of one in the grand tradition of Indian Idealism.

> I certainly think [he wrote] that the universe is running down. It means that our epoch illustrates one special type of order. For example, this absurdly limited number of three dimensions of space is a sign that you have got something characteristic of a special order.... All the effects to be derived from our existing type of order are passing away into trivialities. That does not mean that there are not some other types of order of which you and I have not the faintest notion, unless perchance they are to be found in our highest mentality and are unperceived by us in their true relevance to the future. The universe is laying

---

[12] *Modes of Thought*. ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD (The Macmillan Co., New York. 1938), p. 237.

[13] *Process and Reality* (The Macmillan Co., New York. 1929), p. 11.

[14] (James Clarke and Co., London. 1938).

> the foundation of a new type, where our present theories of order will appear as trivial.... This is the only possible doctrine of a universe always driving on to novelty.[15]

On the other side, philosophers of modern India have begun to incorporate the naturalistic, realistic, and vitalistic emphases of recent Western thought.[16] Men like Sri Aurobindo and S. K. Maitra have assimilated and transformed the Western notion of evolution, and in some ways are in advance of Westerners in their grasp of the spiritual implications of evolution. The "dynamic idealism" of Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, the richly integral approach and the bold cosmic scope of Sri Aurobindo, and the delicately differentiated lacework of K. C. Bhattacharya's idealism, represent syntheses of Western and Eastern tendencies which, like Whitehead's in the West, are tentative models after whose spirit all subsequent philosophers, aiming at a world philosophy, would do well to pattern their thinking. For example, Bhattacharya's realistic relativism (the unique "subjective form" of each Whiteheadian "actual entity"—fundamentally "self-enjoyment"); his absolute or "indefinite" constituting the matrix out of which determinate subjects and objects are precipitated (Whitehead's creativity or concrescent process, together with the primordial principle of concretion which in itself, as the unchanging vision of God, is the negation of all facts, like Bhattacharya's Absolute); his grades of consciousness or stages of perception—inanimate object, body, (psychical) presentation, (spiritual) feeling, introspection, and finally de-individualized absolute freedom—a process paralleling the phases of any organismic concrescence; his definition of freedom as progressive self-transcendence—Whitehead's *causa sui*, or mentality, "lying beyond all determinations"; his conception of metaphysics as the analytic elaboration of what *is*, self-evidently, in pure consciousness—Whitehead's "sheer display"; and his pluralistic view of alternative symbolic systems in religion: all these and other emphases deserve the most serious attention from those who wish to describe the basic categories of man's experience.

Nor can the world-philosopher of the present or future neglect the important changes now taking place in Chinese philosophy, in which the method of Western science, as mediated through Marxism and Western industrial technology, is now being mated with the humanistic naturalism

---

[15] *Essays in Science and Philosophy* (Philosophical Library, Inc., New York. 1947), pp. 118-119.

[16] See *The Chief Currents of Contemporary Philosophy*. D. M. Datta (University of Calcutta. 1950), Appendix, "The Contribution of Modern Indian Philosophy to World Philosophy."

of centuries past. Fung Yu-lan says that the "Taoist philosophy is the only system of mysticism which the world has ever seen which is not fundamentally anti-scientific."[17]

The spirit of the Chinese *Book of Changes*, necessary changes being made, is modern, as the Indians have pointed out that their age-old view of the world of matter as the restless interaction of relatives and the transformation of opposites is now precisely confirmed in physics and biology. Accordingly, the adoption of modern science, both as theory and practice, in the East, cannot come as a mystery to us. Whatever we think of that "science of society," dialectical materialism, its general presuppositions and procedures are by no means incompatible with much of the tradition of the Orient. Joseph Needham says of classical and mediæval Chinese thought that it is "in extraordinary congruity with the ideas of dialectical materialism, descended from Leibnitz through Hegel," and that it almost restores "to the Chinese people something profoundly their own...."[18] That is why I believe that Northrop in *The Taming of the Nations* is unwarrantedly pessimistic in his denunciation of Chinese Communism as rigidly theoretical. He does not grasp its ancient and modern roots in the lives of the people and the philosophy of the sages. His judgment is theoretical and not concrete, verbal and not empirical, static and not dialectical. In 1945 Ralph Linton wrote:—

> ...the bulk of the world's population still lives under the relatively stable, integrated cultures which have been erected on the basis of the second mutation [food-raising]. . . . Most of these "backward" peoples do not share our own fixation on technological improvement for its own sake. If the pressures which the Western nations are now able to exert are removed, it seems highly probable that these people will profit by our errors, take over the new technology at a slower rate and exercise

---

[17] As quoted in JOSEPH NEEDHAM'S "Science and Society in Ancient China," Conway Memorial Lecture (Watts and Co., London. 1947), p. 10.

[18] JOSEPH NEEDHAM, reviewing *Chinese Thought from Confucius to Mao Tse-tung*, in *Science and Society*, XVIII, 4 (Fall, 1954), p. 375. See also the Ph.D. dissertation of SHEN-YU DAI, *Mao Tse-tung and Confucianism* (University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. 1952). As a type of organicism Marxism is inherently opposed to the mechanistic presuppositions and uses of modern Western science; while Marxism is humanistic, it is a deepened humanism set in the context of a unitary history and nature. It is therefore not surprising that a British biologist who is also a Marxist should write: "Have we any duties to plants and inanimate nature beyond preserving them for the delight, instruction, and use of our own species? I do not know the answer to that question, but I suspect it is yes It is a poor man who does not love his country, which is not the same as loving his countrymen. That is something in addition. If we love it, then I think we have a duty to it." J. B. S. HALDANE, *What Is Life?* (Lindsay Drummond, London. 1949), p. 260.

much greater selectivity. Their aim, conscious or otherwise, will be to adapt the machine to man rather than man to the machine.[19]

Western man is mechanized and specialized to such extremes that whether he be factory worker, financier, general, or analytical philosopher, he cannot tell you the why of life and nature and history or the purposes for which his own superb tools are designed. Far indeed has he wandered from the fertile, sub-tropical centres of life in Near-Asia. His scientific and technological explorations have been multitudinous, and the main technique he knows for co-ordination is massive power—the monopoly, the bomb, the police state, the loyalty oath. The mysteries of life and of nature are no more; for many a Western man, they are all dissolved in the clear glass of television and the smooth, post-prandial cocktails of news commentators served up for him daily. But the East has stayed closer to the stabilizing forces of life—closer to the land, the plants, the animals, the home, the family, the village. It has maintained the attitude of reverence, and a sense of man's dignity. Consequently, it is less advanced, materially, less specialized, less complex, less urbanized, less strong. But that very weakness is its strength, as its sages discerned long ago; its deprivation these many centuries has been a blessing in disguise, while we of the West, having gained the whole world and its basic secrets, so far as non-human nature is concerned, are on the brink of losing both our bodies and our souls. The East has not learned the policy of "Get Tough," "Operation Killer," "Massive Retaliation," "Positions of Overwhelming Strength." How could it? It has been too weak in power and tender in ambition. It has been forced under historical exigency to do much with little, and so it has tended to remain master of its tools and clearly mindful of its goals.

HOWARD L. PARSONS

(To be concluded)

---

[19] "Present World Conditions in Cultural Perspective," in *The Science of Man in the World Crisis*. Ed. RALPH LINTON (Columbia University Press, New York. 1945), p. 221.

COLERIDGE VERSUS COMBERBACHE

[THE FOLLOWING is a shortened version of a stimulating lecture given by **Miss Sylva Norman** on October 30th, 1959, to the London Branch of The Indian Institute of World Culture. Miss Norman, author of three books and one of the most sensitive and discerning critics of today, has made a special study of the Romantic period, more particularly of Shelley and Coleridge. In this article she examines with perception and warm sympathy the cleavage between Coleridge the thinker and poet, the man of genius, and the Coleridge — symbolized by the fictitious S. T. Comberbache, a name the poet adopted at one difficult period — whom friends and critics alike condemned. — ED.]

A SHREWD CONTEMPORARY of S. T. Coleridge judged him to have "the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive, that has yet existed among men." Our own century is still discovering how widely this intellect ranges over philosophy, theology and metaphysics, science and politics, the critical and creative arts. It is a restlessly active spirit, forever inquiring, observing and deducing, teeming with new ideas to explore. And enlivening all its erudition is the vivid sense of *man*, as an experiencing creature, bound up with the objects he contemplates. From the individual to the remote galaxies of the stellar universe, all was, in Coleridge's view, one vast unbroken system. He knew, too, by his own awareness, that the creative imagination brings every part of a man into dynamic unity — his intellect and reason, his æsthetic sense, his passions and emotional sensitivity.

Yet in praising Coleridge there has always been a reservation — a sense of unfulfilment that hinders him from ranking as a mind of supreme, triumphant and *executive* genius. From his unbroken system of the universe some portion of *himself* seems to hang out loosely; his own personality or temperament remains unharmonized. Because of this, he is deplorably open to the attacks of small and prejudiced people. And he *has* been attacked, maliciously and almost consistently, from his earliest manhood until the present day.

The tiresome catchwords that build up the myth are "indolence" and "opium." Even that discerning critic just quoted comes in to a course of lectures given, or *partly* given, by Coleridge in 1808, and grumbles that the lecturer has either cancelled his oration or delivered it without soul or ardour, like a man in pain. He was right in that last instance. No great man was more obsessed than Coleridge by his internal organs, or reported more lavishly on disordered bowels and the embarrassing dilemmas they

caused him. But these bodily ills were always linked with mental torture, each augmenting each. Meeting at one of these lectures the girl he had loved as an undergraduate—Mary Evans—he was shocked to see how an unhappy marriage had affected her; and doubly shocked because her situation mirrored his own disastrous marriage, which was just then breaking up.

We can put some blame for that on Robert Southey. This future Poet Laureate was one of those revolutionary-sounding young men who soon become highly respectable adherents of what we now call the Establishment. This would not matter, but that his moral and spiritual nature became congealed. A man who is bolstered by self-righteous confidence can invariably get the better—in the short run—of one with the true artistic temperament, always fluid, ever doubting and discovering, terribly aware of his own possible shortcomings, and—as we have to admit about Coleridge—far less competent than the average armoured man to order what the world calls his "affairs." Such a man is peculiarly vulnerable (a word Dr. I. A. Richards recently used of him); especially when an extreme honesty, born of the desire to get at the absolute truth in all things, leads him to analyze and condemn himself.

However, it was a couple of very young and hopeful spirits who devised that Utopian scheme of life called Pantisocracy. It never came into being, but in some way the project got connected in Southey's mind with the sisters Fricker. Southey chose Edith Fricker for himself, and decreed that Coleridge was to marry Sarah. Misled by the glamour of the main project into making a proposal, S.T.C. knew well enough, within three months, that he didn't love the lady. One would think he might easily have defied Southey, who was badgering him to keep his promise. But Coleridge had, as always, too acute a conscience. He had been pushed into an awkward situation, everyone seemed to know of it, and to know *him* as a weak-willed man who was liable to run away in a panic. Sarah herself was hardly dying of love for a scholar whose mental powers were a closed book to her.[1] It was her pride that would be hurt. Coleridge married her as a duty; and all the virtuous critics in his circle were satisfied that *this* time he had not panicked and run away.

Two years earlier, that was precisely what he *had* done. He had really tried to run away from all the troubles of Samuel Taylor Coleridge by inventing, as it were, another man with the same initials living a completely vegetable life, devoid of intellectual and artistic content—of all

[1] Stephen Potter has aptly called her a Minnow among Tritons

that made Coleridge Coleridge. That ascending genius had been sucked down into a singularly incompetent soldier of the King who was awkward with a horse and who called himself Silas Tomkyn Comberbache.

It is a queer episode, of the sort that moralists shake their heads over as "best forgotten." But I think it has to be remembered, as the emblem and symbol of the cleavage that continues all through the life of this unhappy genius. Not the cause, but the first and most emphatic symptom. This is what happened. In 1793 Coleridge, as a student at Jesus College, Cambridge, found himself in a tangle of college debts. Overwhelmed by these, and by his unrequited love for Mary Evans, he turned his back on everything. On December 2nd S. T. Comberbache enlisted in the 15th or King's Light Dragoons. Until the following February S. T. Coleridge was lost to his family. By the time news of him had filtered round, Comberbache had been picked out by his officers for a particularly stupid fate: he was ordered to stay in Henley-on-Thames to nurse a comrade who had smallpox.

He was of course appalled by this transition into a regimental cipher, once it had happened. His brothers and friends worked to get his discharge, but with a maximum of patronage and contempt. Some of this contempt was undoubtedly the victim's fault. Other men make fools of themselves, but they brazen out their folly and stick by it. In the case of S.T.C. the magnificent honesty of outlook and judgment that belong to Coleridge were an exaggerated, rather silly self-abasement in Comberbache. The letters he wrote to his smug relatives allow him no dignity or self-respect at all. Later he was to have more cause for his moanings. There was the unwanted marriage which was such a failure that a separation became imperative for his peace of mind. There were his abysmal and ungraceful illnesses, and, in time, the knowledge that the drug he had clutched at as a remedy was itself poisoning his system. There was endless anxiety over finance. In all these troubles Coleridge dissected and condemned himself —just as Comberbache had done in the Dragoons. After four months with the Regiment he *did* get his release, but army regulation demanded a valid reason. His commanding officer supplied one: ironically the muster roll of the regiment reads, for April 10, 1794: Discharged S. T. Comberbache—Insane.

S. T. Coleridge was sane enough; but S. T. Comberbache—his *alter ego*—came with him out of the army. He was liable to take charge at the worst moments and to give a very different impression from the one we get in reading the critical and philosophical works. Only a year after this army episode, when the Fricker engagement was lying heavy on him, he

burst out to Southey, "My whole life has been a series of Blunders. God have mercy upon me—for I am a most miserable Dog. However it still remains with me to be externally just, though my Heart is withered within me...."

Now a true friend of Coleridge, reading that, would have encouraged him to cut away from his commitment before more harm was done. But Southey was not a true friend; he took advantage of Coleridge's sensitive conscience and of Comberbache's simpleness; with the result we know. And it was Coleridge himself—not Comberbache—who in his heart never forgave Southey for forcing him into this impossible marriage. Yet by 1803 the two families were sharing a house in Keswick; and years later Coleridge still kept up with him amicably, if warily. The truth is that he longed, always, for affection, love and friendship. To him they were sacred things, and his own nature was warm and generous with them. But it takes two to make a friendship. Coleridge was always ready to go most of the way and to believe he was being met—till he was undeceived. The case of Southey is overshadowed by a later shock that cut across his whole existence. He never fully recovered from that shock, for love, as well as friendship, was involved.

I refer, of course, to his relations with the Wordsworth family. Everyone knows of the mutual enthusiasm that produced the *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798. That was a wonderful time of inspiration. But it is usually recognized now that Coleridge did most of the inspiring. He helped Wordsworth towards some sort of a philosophy, he gave him the urge to write a long poem on Nature, Man and Society; and although this poem, "The Recluse," was never completed, the idea did give rise to a fine offshoot, "The Prelude," which was actually addressed to Coleridge and is Wordsworth's main bid for immortality.

At that time Wordsworth *did* appreciate his friend. He could not avoid being warmed by Coleridge's uncommon capacity for affection, and at the end of "The Prelude" he wrote splendidly, with all the tenderness he could sometimes feel:—

> O most loving Soul!
> Placed on this earth to love and understand
> And from thy presence shed the light of love,
> Shall I be mute e'er thou be spoken of?
> Thy gentle spirit to my heart of hearts
> Did also find its way....

But his heart of hearts was steadily turning in on itself; so it meant more to him that his friend, together with the enchanted sister Dorothy,

banked up his enlarging ego by downright hero-worship. Coleridge, usually so exact in judgment, put aside all discrimination, hailing Wordsworth as the greatest poet since Milton. William's poetical genius made him look disparagingly on his own efforts; and this at the period of his most inspired poems. Those poems were in fact too inspired for Wordsworth, who lacked the selfless vision and perception to grasp their quality. For instance: when a second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* was being prepared, Wordsworth sent the printer a sort of apology for retaining "The Ancient Mariner" in the volume. "The Poem of my Friend has indeed great defects"—which he proceeded to enumerate. Because it had also some merits, he weighed the pros and cons, and allowed it in. For this same edition Coleridge, with great toil of spirit, wrote the second part of his fragmentary "Christabel," only to have the poem thrown out by Wordsworth because the style was "discordant from his own."

Coleridge let himself forget all this, and other ungenerous moves on Wordsworth's part. To him that family that had come together—William, his sister, his wife Mary and *her* sister Sara Hutchinson—constituted a "dear, dear home," a magical place of more than friendship. He had come to love Sara Hutchinson with all the deep affection that had to be withheld from his own Sarah. In 1809 he was living with them all at Grasmere, and Sara H. was helping with his enterprise in weekly journalism, *The Friend*. What Coleridge hardly noticed, between working on the periodical and coping with troublesome printers and subscribers, was that S. T. Comberbache was there as well, and very much in evidence. Certain habits of *that* gentleman offended Wordsworth, who liked above most things to have a smoothly-running existence, and rejected any awkward intrusion on his peace.

It is well recognized that when a creative or intellectual genius is hard at work, there is a residual outer shell that his associates see. In this case it was Comberbachian: dilatory, inverted living—up all night, in bed all day—sloppy habits, unsociableness, fretting, and a need for one of those essential elixirs—Wordsworth called it gin at the time, but laudanum is more likely—to keep the brain alert. William, who never drove himself, was exasperated; by 1810 he had long since been blinded to the deeply loyal and affectionate spirit that underlay this irritating surface. And so, unpardonably, he warned Basil Montagu and his wife on no account to take Coleridge into their London house, as they intended, because of his disgraceful habits, because he had long been an "Absolute Nuisance" and a "rotten drunkard," and because he—Wordsworth—had no hope of him.

The explosion that followed, with its louder repercussions two years later,

is too complex to go into here. My point is, though, that Wordsworth had made war on Comberbache, but it was Coleridge who was wounded. The placid Wordsworth declared he had looked into his heart and soul, and stood acquitted before his conscience of all blame. In spite of a patched-up peace, it was the wreck of all true friendship, coming from the same household that had brought Coleridge his despair of love. *That* was the more tragic loss; it left him with an enormous unfilled desire for love and happiness, and all the beauty and gaiety that should go with them. He had confessed to his Notebook, "My Nature is made for joy—impelling me to Joyance—& I never, never can yield to it.—I am a genuine *Tantalus*." Afflictions had robbed him of his "shaping spirit of Imagination," and all that remained for him was to avoid feeling:—

> And haply by abstruse research to steal
> From my own nature all the natural man....

He could not successfully avoid feeling; for Coleridge never lived on a dead level. When his intensity of vision and imagination were denied their peak of happiness, they plunged into the deepest tortures of misery.[2] It was his intellectual capability for "abstruse research" coupled with his insatiable interest in ideas and objects, that could pull him out of the trough.

There is a passage in "The Ancient Mariner" that seems to foreshadow all he was to go through. In fact it is the heart of the poem. The Mariner, at his lowest ebb, when all his shipmates have dropped down, stands "Alone on a wide, wide sea," with the dead weight of the Albatross around his neck; and sees himself—like Comberbache—as the most miserable of God's creatures:—

> The many men, so beautiful!
> And they all dead did lie:
> And a thousand thousand slimy things
> Lived on; and so did I.

Wherever he looks there is no comfort; he tries to pray and cannot; the dead men still lie unrotted on the deck, and their eyes seem to be cursing him. Then, in this agony of mind, he glimpses something *else* going on outside his circle of hell, and his attention is drawn away from his own predicament:—

> Beyond the shadow of the ship,

[2] As he wrote once, quite early on: "Life were so flat a thing without Enthusiasm — that if for a moment it leave me, I have a sort of stomach sensation attached to all my thoughts." There we have our duality again: Enthusiasm = Coleridge. Stomach sensation = Comberbache.

I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Even *within* the shadow of the ship the wonder holds. Love gushes up in his heart; he is able to pray; and the Albatross—his weight of guilt and desolation—falls off and leaves him free.

This is what happened so often to Coleridge. We find it in the letters, in the Notebooks—that amazing resilience, following on the most appalling conditions of body and spirit. He will turn his own physical symptoms into objective data to be explored for their information; or recall his love of mountains, examine the patterns of whirlpools and the curious immobile effect of a dashing waterfall that retains its form. Or he will plunge into analysis of a philosophical theory, decide that Newton's system is hopelessly materialistic, with (as he put it) "Mind as a lazy Looker-on on an external world." His own mind can never be lazy; like the whirlpool he may seem to have a still centre because of this very unbroken activity.

Later in life experience taught him to restrain and discipline his ideas, and to guide them into a few main channels. But in his vigorous early years nothing could stop him from dashing along new avenues of thought and theory. The drawback—for his immediate reputation—was that he talked and wrote too much *about* these notions. The duller literary minds around him expected each one to be a thought-out plan that would be followed up; and when this superhuman programme lapsed they called it Indolence. As Coleridge said himself, "I lay too many Eggs."

Far more eggs were incubated than his hostile critics give him credit for. While they catch and cudgel the defaulting Comberbache, Coleridge himself expands in height and breadth beyond them, and beyond us all. We have a great way yet to pursue him.

SYLVA NORMAN

[Coleridge is] a hooded eagle among blinking owls.
—SHELLEY: Letter to Maria Gisborne (1820)

KAJ MUNK

AN APPRECIATION

[**Shri Dilip Kumar Sen,** for long a contributor to THE ARYAN PATH, introduces our readers to the work of the Danish playwright Kaj Munk, whose simple, vigorous mind stood fast in its integrity and patriotism. —ED.]

WHEN the history of the drama in Denmark in the thirties of this century comes to be written, the name of Kaj Munk will occupy a very significant place. Before the Second World War Munk was a village parson, happily attached to his ancient Romanesque church on the western coast of Jutland.

Kaj Harald Leininger Petersen was born on January 13th, 1898. Before he was six, both his parents died. His foster-parents had the surname of Munk and this was the name that the boy Kaj took when he was formally adopted. From his village school he went to the University of Copenhagen, where he studied theology. He took orders and was appointed pastor at a little West Jutland parish. Here he lived till his tragic death in 1944 for twenty long years ministering to his simple parishioners, pottering in his small garden and wielding a forceful pen. This thin, pale-looking pastor with hungry eyes and unkempt hair was no doubt an eloquent preacher but his dramatic powers and not his sermons created a flutter in the literary dovecotes of Scandinavia. When in 1931 his play *Cant* was popularly acclaimed, a leading Swedish newspaper remarked: "Vederso vicarage has open windows, through which come pouring sparkling dialogues."[1]

Kaj Munk was a poet before he turned a playwright. His natural imaginative powers did not languish but were touched to a fine issue by his dramatic bent of mind. It was to his poetic inspiration that we owe such beautiful lines as the following, written to pay immortal tribute to his motherland, lying low at the feet of a proud conqueror:—

> The snow will melt, the fog will vanish: before us lies a land that will soon be green. To us it is unutterably dear, for it is Denmark. Dear to us for the valour of Rolf, the vision of Thyra, the Viking Christianity of Absalon; for the great-souled foresight of Margaret, the staunch labours of Christian the Fourth, the steadfast, unshakable fidelity of the South Jutland peasant; for the chapped hands of our busy mother in winter, and the kiss of our beloved on a night in June.[2]

---

[1] *Five Plays.* By KAJ MUNK; trs. by R. P. KEIGWIN (Copenhagen. 1953), p. 11.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 13.

As a dramatist Munk's ambition was to lead Danish playwriting back to "the grand drama." His aim was to bring back the theatrical element to the stage, with bold colours and vehement, violent scenes; the atmosphere must often be dangerous, dynamic and disturbing — not entertainment but existence. His dramatic manifesto has been clearly stated in the following words of his own:—

> A fresh generation has grown up which does not go to the theatre to sit quietly and prettily looking at quiet pretty things. It has acquired a taste much too lusty to be put off with tea-wash and cakes and to have its mouth wiped with whisper scenes in which the author has evidently been torn with anxiety lest anything should happen on the stage. These young eyes have seen too much of the red haze of reality for their attention to be held by long psychological subtleties. Much better go to a film, where something happens: fighting and escaping, cheating and forgiving, kissing and murdering. There one can catch a glimpse of life that has not been elaborated in the tired brain of some bloodless poet but with all its flaming contradiction has been created by God Himself — life from the world this new generation has grown up in, where people rose against people, with existence itself at stake; where necessity knew no law and good and evil no longer existed, because everyone thought only of himself and was his own God; while heads toppled, brains burst and limbs were shattered, and peace when it came brought workers' feuds and fraud and callousness and poverty and pestilence. This is the world in the middle of it — where Art must stand.... Let us give up being great in small things and be great in the great.[3]

The first play that Munk wrote was in 1917. Twenty years later, this play — its name was *Pilate* — was privately printed, but was not produced until after his death. Though he wrote nearly forty plays in his rather short career, *Pilate* will always have a special significance. It not only shows the mental make-up of the young author but also contains the germ of his most famous play, *He Sits at the Melting Pot,* in which he handles the same theme of the conflict between justice and the State, between Truth and Falsehood. The first produced play of Munk's is *Herod, the King,* where the focus of attention is King Herod himself, who goes on sacrificing everything for power. The notion of challenging God drives him crazy and transforms him into a soulless, heartless tyrant. It is useless to deny that, in Herod, Munk's early hero-worship finds a culminating expression — this youthful exuberance received a rude set-back when Mussolini's hordes pounced upon Abyssinia and Hitler's Nordic culture showed its senseless

---

[3] *Heaven and Earth* By KAJ MUNK (1938).

fury against the Jews. Munk realized that he had been worshipping a false god. This change in his mental attitude is clearly brought out in his fearless play *He Sits at the Melting Pot*. The leading character in this play, set in pre-War Germany under the Third Reich, is Professor Mensch, a professor of archæology who, rummaging among the potsherds he has brought back home from Palestine, makes the stupendous find of a contemporary picture of Jesus Christ. The archæological motif is dramatically set against the prevailing National Socialist background. The professor is purely a scientist, whose work of research has left him no time or inclination for politics or religion, and the sudden impact of these two outside considerations and the battle for truth in the scientist's mind when the Nazis refuse to acknowledge this Jewish-looking portrait as an authentic picture of their "Aryan" Christ — these are skilfully worked together to show how the mere pundit among his potsherds finally attains spiritual stature and strength.

Professor Mensch stands for the entire society of man. The quotation from St. Paul, "For my strength is made perfect in weakness," which Munk regarded as a motto for his play, simply affirms that the true hero is the weak man who is made strong by the spiritual fire inside him. Munk here reveals the never-varying process of the birth of a man: the story of a soul, a human being, at first weak and vacillating, that finally becomes a Man — expressed in terms of a Christian concept (it is God who sits at the melting pot and refines the silver) but portrayed nevertheless with a glowing universality.

By his play Munk made the pursuit of literature the pursuit of a patriot. After the Occupation he wrote a spirited play, *On the Eve of Cannae,* in which an aged Roman appears before Hannibal and argues the silliness of destroying either Carthage or Rome. Another play, *Niels Ebbeson,* describing a fourteenth-century clash between Danish patriots and German invaders, came out with a dedication "To the young manhood of Denmark."

Kaj Munk never believed in compromises. Like Milton, the God-given organ voice of England, he went through life in cheerful godliness. To him the call of his conscience and the call of his motherland were the voices of God, and he could not but respond to them. In 1943 the Danish clergy received a circular from the stooge Danish Foreign Office, instructing them to abstain from all comments on the struggle of the Norwegian Church. To this Munk sent a fearless protest. This infuriated the Nazis, who had already taken notice of his play, in which he had made fun of the sacrosanct ideologies held so dear by them.

The rest is almost silence. On the morning of January 5th, 1944, Munk was found in a pool of blood in a wayside ditch not far from the Nazi headquarters, sixty miles from his home. Three shots had passed through his head and life had ebbed out of him long before he was discovered. His cold-blooded murder plunged the whole of Scandinavia into inconsolable sorrow. A striking tribute was paid to this martyr by a paper in Finland, at that time under German occupation:—

> Munk murdered will prove a mightier leader for free Denmark than he could ever have been as a living priest and playwright and his voice will be heard like thunder through the land.[4]

DILIP KUMAR SEN

BLIND

Encompassed by a wall of dark,
He sees with unseen eyes
Whose visionary powers reveal
What we can but surmise.

At just a touch his night dissolves
Beneath intuitive fingers,
All colour is etherealized
And music strangely lingers.

On subtle wave-lengths he receives
Joy multiplied by ten,
Transfiguring a world remote
From that of other men.

HERBERT BLUEN

---

[4] *Five Plays*, p. 15

"ACCORDING TO THEIR FIRST INSTITUTIONS AND ORDINANCE"

[**Mr. Deryck Abel**, Vice-President of the British Liberal Party and Editor of *Contemporary Review*, speaks with intimate concern and well-recognized authority upon the present problems of law and liberty. Owing to one "practical" exigency or another portions of the Rule of Law are often surrendered these days to departments of the Executive; Mr. Abel reminds us of what the Rule of Law in its full sense should mean.—ED.]

A GREAT SUNDAY NEWSPAPER has familiarized the British public with the Scandinavian Ombudsman or "Grievance Man." For the average British citizen his home is his castle; his liberty, his birthright; his law, the guarantor of both. He would not thus express himself. The slumbering metaphysician within him senses, however, that the law of the land is the framework in which he and his fellows attain, in Herbert Spencer's majestic phrase, "the liberty of each, limited alone by the liberty of all." He knows, too, that his country's seven-century-old heritage of personal and civic liberty is based upon, and merges with, a "Rule of Law."

What do we libertarians mean when we talk of the re-assertion and re-establishment of the "Rule of Law"? To us in the Mother Country and throughout the Commonwealth, law and liberty seem inseparable. We do not think of law as a bridle upon liberty, but as the protectress of liberty against licence.

The "Rule of Law" comprises: first, the right of recourse for redress of grievances; secondly, the imposition of penalties when rights are violated; and, thirdly, the emphatic rebuttal of the assertion of any claim to special privilege in jurisdiction.

To maintain these principles we fought in times past against kings and nobles, prelates, presbyters and popes. Today, the problem has re-emerged in several different forms. The danger comes from those political elements which would place the Executive, *i.e.*, the Government of the day and its bureaucracy, above or beyond the operation of the "Rule of Law." The flood of Orders and Regulations during and since World War II is an outstanding feature of this process. The process is admittedly a concomitant of the complexity of modern society. But that is no valid excuse for closing our eyes to its invasion of spheres where it is neither inevitable nor justifiable. Europe has provided us with many a sad example. We should do well to learn from France's agony.

The libertarian parliamentary constitution adopted by the Third

Republic in 1875 was as good as any other French constitution since 1789. It seems pretty obvious that one of the factors in France's temporary eclipse in 1940 was the disorganization of public service through over-bureaucratization. Germany suffered a swift spiritual decline in its several phases from bureaucratic collectivism and protectionism to economic autarchy, and from the State-planned economy and the repudiation of the "Rule of Law," to one of history's most vicious and sadistic totalitarian dictatorships. The Third Reich, the disgrace of the nation of Goethe, Kant, Stein and Humboldt, vindicates the words of Milton in *Samson Agonistes*:—

> But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
> And by their vices brought to servitude
> Than to love bondage more than liberty,
> Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty.

Yet nothing is more heartening in 1960 than to recognize the change of heart in Federal Germany. Hitler had proclaimed that "the true enemy of the Third Reich is Liberalism." His Christian Democrat and Free Democrat successors have long since abandoned the practices of autarchy and have plunged for an economy at once libertarian and socially responsible, while other nations shiver on its brink.

In Britain and the Commonwealth, we must guard constantly against forces which denigrate freedom. A live Parliamentary vigilance and a sturdy electoral vigilance are equally vital. Parliamentary vigilance has been successful on several occasions, notably in October 1939, when Kingsley Griffith contrived to cut the claws of the original War Emergency Regulations of Neville Chamberlain.

The campaign by Harry Willcock against the Identity Card—a campaign which carried him to the Court of King's Bench—shows what one resolute private citizen can achieve.

The extent of the legislation and justice performed not by Parliament or by the Law Courts but by Whitehall is indicated by a few figures. As long ago as the years 1926, 1927 and 1928—years of peace—our Statutes averaged 50 per year, while Regulations and Orders averaged more than 1,400 per year, or 116 per month. An average of 141 Regulations and Orders per month was issued between January 1942 and May 1943—or nearly five a day, including Sunday. Latterly the pace has slackened. But the problem remains.

Changes in the political complexion of the Government have done next to nothing to improve the predicament of the cause of freedom. Tory Socialism and Socialist Toryism are as one. The most powerful defence

of the "Rule of Law" (as we who urge the libertarian reforms advanced in Lord Rea's Rights and Liberties of the Subject Bill, as well as revision of the Rules Publication Act of 1893, well know) consists in vigilance.

Nor must we ever forget the central truth of John Pym's dictum in the long struggle against Stuart paternalism and prerogative: "Those Commonwealths have been most durable and perpetual, which have often reformed and recomposed themselves, according to their first institutions and ordinance." That is the lesson of the Franks Commission. It is the lesson, too, of the proposal for an Administrative Court of Appeal before which the public official shall forgo privilege and enjoy no more than equal status with the private citizen.*

DERYCK ABEL

---

* NOTE :—The Liberal Party's Liberties of the Subject Bill, introduced in the House of Lords in July 1957, will provide that (1) a Minister shall not be judge in his own case; (2) an inquiry into protests against a Ministerial Order shall be conducted by an independent official, not by someone appointed by the said Ministry; (3) Statutory Instruments shall more easily be challenged in Parliament; (4) Agricultural Marketing Boards shall not inflict fines; (5) individual producers shall enjoy the right to contract out of a marketing scheme at six months' notice; (6) the Crown's power to withhold documents required as evidence in the Courts shall be reduced; (7) a direct appeal to the Minister can be made by an individual who feels he is oppressed by a nationalized industry or any other public authority; (8) officials with wide powers of search must secure proper warrants, and the occupier or person from whom things are taken in a search shall be supplied with a list; and (9) it shall be unlawful for an employer to make religious or political opinions a condition for employment.

ERWIN SCHROEDINGER

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

[**Mr. R. M. Fox** sketches in this brief contribution a likable and admirable picture of the great physicist, the late Professor Erwin Schroedinger.—ED.]

PROFESSOR ERWIN SCHROEDINGER, who died recently in Vienna, came to Ireland in 1939, a fateful year in the world's history. Already he was known as a leading physicist, with a bold and original mind. He had gained the Nobel Prize in 1933 and he worked in the same field as Einstein.

In the scientific field his fame was bound up with the development of quantum mechanics, which makes possible detailed calculations in the structure of atoms and nuclei. This achievement belonged to the period 1924–1928 and "Schroedinger's equation" became familiar to every student of physics.

Mr. de Valera—who himself had a great interest in the subject—invited him to Ireland as a professor and the first Director of the School of Theoretical Physics in the Institute for Advanced Studies in Dublin. His lectures, discussions and publications added considerably to his reputation in later years.

I wish to write not so much about his activities as a scientist as about the impression he made on all those he came in contact with during his stay in Ireland. In 1948 he and his wife became Irish citizens and it seemed unlikely that he would ever leave the country. But, in 1956, on the advice of his doctor, he returned to Vienna, and almost at once he was appointed to the Physics Chair in Vienna University.

Apart from those scientific circles in which he was known for his highly technical work, he made an increasing number of friends in the world of literature and drama. I first met him when he spoke at the Dublin P.E.N. Club. He impressed me at once with his quiet charm, his modesty and his sincerity. His was a small, thin-featured man with a reflective manner, a mop of greyish hair and a winning smile. He had an eager radiant interest in people and in life.

Speaking to this gathering of writers he gave a characteristically gay and friendly talk about his career. He spoke of leaving Austria in the early days of the Hitler *régime,* in 1937. Many people driven into exile would have shown a bitterness of spirit. He did not stress the dark and tragic side of the story. That was not his way.

He described his journey to the frontier. Just before he crossed over

guards swarmed round his car. They ripped the cushions, turned out all his bags and searched his clothing.

"What do you think they were looking for?" he asked, with a whimsical smile. "The Nobel Prize money, of course! But I knew they could not get that because it was resting safely in a Swiss bank. I had taken the precaution of asking that it should be kept there."

He smiled as if to be held up by official footpads was the biggest joke in the world. There was no doubt that he felt the keenest satisfaction in outwitting them.

Some time before he left Dublin he gave a public lecture on his contribution to scientific knowledge. This was a highly technical subject, but his personality was so attractive that there were queues outside the hall as if for a cinema performance. So as not to disappoint those who wanted to hear him, he gave the lecture on three successive nights.

Always he was studying and making progress in scientific thought. On one important occasion he announced a scientific discovery to a little group of about twenty eminent scientists in Dublin. As the reporters flashed the news to the world's press, he mounted his old bicycle and pedalled away through the snow.

During the last Christmas that he spent in Dublin he gave much time to playing chess with a small granddaughter who was ill. The child sat up in bed, bundled in a shawl. They were both engrossed in the game. The professor was a brilliant mathematician, with a mind capable of working out the subtlest moves. The child was a novice at the chess board. Yet somehow his little granddaughter beat him every time, to the immense satisfaction of both.

I met him for the last time at the Gate Theatre in Dublin on the eve of his departure for Vienna. He looked more frail than ever but his friendly blue eyes shone with the same eagerness and zest. He was shy and stood apart from the noisy group of playgoers who, as always, were busy explaining the play. But he had a quiet serenity. He radiated that rare happiness which comes only when a man is getting the full expression of his powers.

He spoke of his coming journey and said he would like to see Vienna again, though he was sorry to leave the many friends he had made in Ireland. Yet he did not lose a single one, for, whenever his name was mentioned, faces would light up and his quiet friendly presence would be remembered.

According to the Law of Relativity which Einstein propounded, he may still be just round the corner. I feel a glow whenever I think of that little

man with the great mind and the gay, thoughtful, kindly spirit who so quietly devoted his energies to the advancement of knowledge, indifferent to the discomforts of exile.*

R. M. Fox

THE LANGUAGE OF THE HOSPITAL

THE EXTENT to which everyone who works in a specialized field is conditioned by the sub-culture in which it occurs and by the language the sub-culture uses is brought out very vividly in an article on the language of the hospital and its effects on the patient in *ETC.*, a journal of the General Semantics movement, September 1960 issue. From the anthropologist's point of view the hospital is a relatively isolated sub-culture. Its inhabitants use their own language. The human being that enters the hospital becomes immediately a patient denoted by his symptom and thus is only a vehicle of a symptom. The patient is expected to be co-operative, that is, obey instructions implicitly, never having a will or wish of his own. He is referred to only as a liver case or cancer case or some other case. The doctor deals only with the symptom vehicle and responds to symptoms instead of to a human being.

In all this the process of depersonalization is very striking. The human being with his emotional needs of sympathy and gentleness is completely overlooked. Instead of paying attention to a warm human being suddenly brought into a new environment with unfamiliar conditions, with no thought for the person's past and his sufferings, doctors and nurses tend to perceive only certain features in the abstract which may seem less important to the sufferer or his friends.

Outside the hospital the nurse and the doctor would have been sympathetic and soothing. Within the hospital they ignore any responses from the person which cannot be entered on the case sheet.

In contrast the authors of this article refer to the case of a new nurse who responded to the flesh-and-blood human being that was the patient, with a remarkable change in the atmosphere for the patient. The hospital is a complex community and depersonalization "inhibits the avowed function of the hospital, namely, the meeting of a sick person's physical and emotional needs."

D. GURUMURTI

---

* © 1961, by R. M. Fox.

THE STATUS OF WOMEN IN ANCIENT INDIA

[**Shri Shamsuddin, M.A., B.T., M.ED.,** contributes an informative article on the status of women in ancient India — a very high one, as he has no difficulty in showing. Shri Shamsuddin has contributed many articles on educational subjects to various magazines. — ED.]

THE COMMON MAN in India has for years believed in an inferior status for women in his country. Harbouring false ideas of their position, he has even quoted a great poet like Tulsidas to support his argument. A woman, according to him, must "work" and sometimes "weep," and does not deserve freedom: *na stri swātantryaṃ arhati.*

But he is not aware of the historical fact that women had enjoyed a high status in society and economic freedom as well in ancient India. It was only owing to political and social changes in the country during the Middle Ages that their status changed. It is a happy sign, however, that in modern India women are coming into their own and contributing their share in the progress of the country.

The "Suktas" and hymns of the *Rigveda* give a true picture of the status of women in ancient India. Women enjoyed equal status with men.[1] They were capable of high learning in any branch of knowledge — even in the knowledge of the Brahman.[2] The *Rigveda* also speaks of the *Rishiksa*[3] — the women who reached spiritual attainment equal to that of the great Rishis of those times. Amongst these can be mentioned the names of Lopamudra, Urvashi, Indrani, Savitri, Devayani, etc. Besides there were also *Brahmavadinis* who led a life of strict discipline, of *Brahmacharya.* The *Rigveda* refers to the educational institutions where young girls completed their education as *Brahmacharinis* and then entered Grihastha-shram.[4] It is also pointed out that young educated girls were married to equally learned bridegrooms, and took a leading part in the spread of education.[5]

It is, therefore, evident that women in those days enjoyed the highest social status. A wife was a true partner in all spheres of society. It was

---

[1] In impassioned prayers called "Suktas," *Rv.* (V, 7, 9).

[2] *Rv.* (V, 7, 9).

[3] (1) Romasa (I, 126, 7); (2) Lopamudra (I, 179, 1–6); (3) Apata (VIII, 91, 1–7) and many others as mentioned in the tenth *mandala.*

[4] *Rv.* (V, 7, 9).

[5] *Rv.* (III, 55, 16).

believed that wherever women were respected (worshipped), the Deities remained there happily—*yatra nāryastu pūjyante ramante tatra devatāḥ*. She had full religious rights and participated in all religious ceremonies along with her husband. In fact, any religious work performed by the husband was not supposed to be complete and valid unless and until the wife shared it with him. The ideals and traditions laid down in the *Rigveda* were later followed as laws in the society.

References in the Upanishads indicate that women were also great philosophers and thinkers. They took part in conferences along with the men. Once the great king Janaka of Videha called a conference of philosophers in his court. Learned philosophers, representing different schools of philosophy, participated in the discussion. Among them was the great woman-philosopher, Brahmavadini Gargi, who took an active part in the discussion and impressed all with her deep knowledge.

The *Rigveda* also refers to monogamy or *Eka Patni Vrata*,[6] which also helped to elevate the status of women in society. As a general practice the bridegroom went to the house of the bride to marry her. The bride was given a venerable place in her father-in-law's house. She was in effect the mistress of the house and took care of her husband's parents, brothers and sisters.

Marriage was regarded as a lifelong sacred bond and hence there was no question of divorce or widow-remarriage. The wives continued to be faithful and loyal to their husbands throughout life, in health and in sickness. Some of the stories indicate that women, by their constant service and care, were successful in restoring their husbands to health and removing their physical defects. The legend of Savitri is well known as an example of a faithful wife who brought back her husband to life.

In the Upanishads there are references to indicate that parents were proud to have a daughter who became a *panditā* (a learned lady[7].) Capable women sometimes went out to pursue higher studies. In spite of certain common subjects for both men and women, there was sometimes a bifurcation of studies and women were taught fine arts such as dancing, singing, etc.

In Vedic times *Brahmavadinis* or Kumari girls were eligible for *Upanayana*, Veda-study and other religious ceremonies.[8] Women were entitled to "*Savitrivachana*" which was the expression of the highest type of *Mantra* or knowledge. The *Grihya Sutras* mention how the wife uttered

---

[6] *Rv.* (X, 85).

[7] *The Brihadaranyaka Upanishad* (VI, 4, 17).

[8] Harita (XXI, 23).

Vedic *mantras* along with her husband in religious ceremonies.[9] This naturally involved a high level of education on the part of women to prove themselves worthy partners for their husbands. A woman had to be "learned" as well as "faithful"—*panditā cha pativratā.*

Thus intelligent girls called *Vidushis* were married to equally intelligent husbands called *Manishis.*[10] Learned ladies in those days acted as teachers or *Adhyapikas.* But this was not the only career open to them.[11] Mention has been made in ancient epics of women who were very good warriors.[12] A few examples are quoted below.

The great grammarian Patanjali in his *Mahābhāṣya* used the word *Saktiki,* meaning female bearer of a spear. Similarly, Megasthenes, the Greek visitor to the court of Chandragupta Maurya, mentions armed women bodyguards employed there. Kautilya in his *Arthaśāstra* too has referred to women soldiers armed with bows and arrows.

Buddhism, later on, maintained the traditions and ideals of the Vedic age and women were accorded an honourable place in social life. They were given all facilities for education and religious rights. Women were eligible to become *bhikshunis* or nuns and lead a life of devotion and renunciation. These women also rendered social service to suffering humanity. Some of them took an active part in the work of the early Buddhist Reformation. These women, after attaining enlightenment, undertook missionary work for their faith.

However, a change came (probably during the time of Manu, the lawgiver), and gradually women were confined to the kitchen and lost their equal status. The history of these times shows how, handicapped by these restrictions, they could contribute little to the progress of the country, though instances are not wanting to show that some of them rose to the occasion to prevent society from entirely degrading itself.

Today, though we are free citizens of the Republic of India, enjoying equal rights without any distinction of caste, creed or sex, we are lacking in the traditions and ideals which were prevalent in ancient India. However, things are improving. Owing to the effort of persons like Dr. Dhondopant Karve, the great worker of Maharashtra, women are receiving education that is revolutionizing their ideas and also the views of the society. We realize the necessity of elevating the women of our country to their

---

[9] *Aswalayana Srouta Sutra* (I, II)

[10] *Gobhila Grihya Sutra* (1, 3) (*na hi khalu anādhitā śaknoti patnī hotumiti*: the illiterate wife is unworthy of a husband).

[11] Katyayana, the commentator on Panini (IV, 1, 46).

[12] Patanjali, *Mahabhashya* (IV, 1, 15-16).

proper status in society, the status they enjoyed in ancient India. Undoubtedly they will be true to the kindred points of "Heaven and Home" and being equal partners on the path of life, help in the all-sided progress of India, without neglecting the "home" which is the basis of all education.

SHAMSUDDIN

THE SONG OF INDIA

What song shall I sing of you, my Mother ?
I asked.
Shall I sing
Of the Himalayas with their snow-born peaks,
Of the three seas that wash your palm ?
Shall I sing
Of your clear dawn with its pure gold-streaks ?

Said the Mother imperturbable, calm :
"Sing of the beggar and the leper
That swarm my streets.
Sing of the filth and the dirt
That foul my sylvan retreats."

What song shall I sing of you, my Mother?
I asked,
Still masked.
Shall I sing
Of your rock-cut temples, epics in stone,
Of your children that died to call you their own,
Their very own ?
Of the seers and prophets that hewed the straight path
For the man that pilgrims alone ?

What song shall I sing of you, my Mother,
What song ?
Said the Mother in indignant words
That beat into my ears like gong,
That flew about me, a pitiful thing,
Like great white birds :
"Sing of the millions that toil.
Sing of the wrinkled face
Indexing ignorance.
Sing of the helpless child
Born in a bleak, dark home."

Nervous, I yet would ask,
Deeming it my task :
What song shall I sing of you, my Mother?
What song ?
Shall I sing of the dam and the lake ?
Of steel mills, the ship-building yard ?
Of the men that work hard
To technologize, to put you on the page
Of the Atomic Age ?
Said the Mother : "Of these you may sing.
But sing also of the strikes, early and late,
Of iron men that come in their wake,
Of class-war and its correlate."

Querulous, I said :
Is there no song that I can sing of you,
Heart-whole unalloyed ?
A song bathed in the stainless blue
Unvapouring in the void ?

At that the Mother rose, draped in blue sky.
Milk-white oceans heaved round her.
Their waves
Were the entrancing and enthroning light
On which she sat and wrote the Book of the Morrow.
Her forehead opened like earth's destiny
Yielding the sun-god, cancelling all sorrow.
It was clear dawn. Like a nightmare fled the night
And the sun-beam was as the Hand that saves.

V. K. GOKAK

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

EASTERN AND WESTERN PSYCHOLOGY*

THESE THREE BOOKS have this in common that they are all concerned with the relationship between Eastern and Western systems of psychology. Dr. Jacobs is a psychoanalyst practising in America. He was formerly a pupil of Jung and, like his teacher, he has always been interested in the traditional knowledge of India and particularly in Sâdhanâ or Yoga. The other two books deal with the Zen variety of Buddhism. *Zen Buddhism and Psychoanalysis* is the work of three writers, Erich Fromm, Suzuki and Richard de Martino. The author of *Zen Comes West* is that well-known barrister and writer on Buddhism, Mr. Christmas Humphreys. His book gives us an exceedingly lucid account of that rather difficult subject, Zen Buddhism. I intend to start with it and to deal with it at much greater length than the other two works.

Mr. Christmas Humphreys was the founder of the Buddhist Society, now a very flourishing and widely-known organization. He is also the author of various works on Buddhism and, as he points out, it is necessary to know something about the teaching of the Buddha before investigating the more difficult form of Buddhism known as Zen Buddhism. Fortunately, the Buddha summarized his own teaching in a single sentence:—

> This I have found — suffering and the way to the end of suffering. Where I have trodden all may tread. Work out your own salvation with diligence.

But words alone are insufficient to give any understanding of Buddhism. In order to know what Buddhism means, it is necessary to partake — in however small a degree — in the experience of the Buddha, that is to say, the experience of Enlightenment. As Christmas Humphreys has put it, if we begin to climb

> at least into the foothills, our vision will expand; we shall see ... still more, but if we stay in our chairs and discuss the thoughts of others about the way, we shall stay, as most of us do stay, in our chairs.

And there are two ways of climbing to a higher level of being, the gentler, more gradual climbing in a spiral, and the direct and abrupt route; the first is the usual Buddhist way and the second is the method adopted by the Zen Buddhists. Bodhidharma, the missionary monk who first brought Buddhism to China and who consequently was responsible for the eventual appearance of Zen Buddhism, is said to have laid down in his teaching several propositions. He declared the Zen requirements to be as follows:—

> A special transmission outside the Scriptures; no dependence upon words; direct pointing

---

* *Zen Comes West: The Present and Future of Zen Buddhism in Britain*. By CHRISTMAS HUMPHREYS. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 207 pp. Frontispiece. 1960. 21*s*.); *Zen Buddhism and Psychoanalysis*. By D. T. SUZUKI, ERICH FROMM, RICHARD DE MARTINO. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. viii + 180 pp. 1960. 16*s*); *Western Psychotherapy and Hindu Sâdhanâ: A Contribution to Comparative Studies in Psychology and Metaphysics*. By HANS JACOBS. (232 pp. Illustrated. 1961. 35*s*.)

to the Mind of men; seeing into one's own nature and the attainment of Buddhahood.

Christmas Humphreys lays emphasis on the fact that the Zen approach is a *total* approach making demands on, and making use of, the *whole* man.

In the East the approach is not in a straight line, of argument, but from every point of view at once, and each of them direct. Truth, to be utterly absorbed and known must be grasped by the whole man, using his instruments of sense, emotion, thought, and intuition, and all other means which enable man to grasp the Absolute.

The ways of Zen are infinite and from the original stock there have developed different varieties of Zen, a specific form for each of the countries in which Zen is now taking root. In course of time there is likely to arise a new British variety of Zen, just as there now exists the Rinzai school of Zen in Japan. Zen lives in *facts* and it has an intense antipathy to doctrines, arguments and abstractions. But there lurks a danger in this direct and doctrine-less way of development, as well as an advantage. Unless the Zen disciple has the advantage of remaining in contact with a trustworthy teacher he is likely to err. I am told that Zen and its robust and sometimes hilarious methods make a very strong appeal to university students in America, so that many are labelling themselves Zen Buddhists. But it is exceedingly easy to go astray in this direct and supposedly more rapid path to Enlightenment. Christmas Humphreys tells us that, in order to guard British students against error, a Zen Class has been started in the Buddhist Society in London and that Suzuki and Mrs. Ruth Sasaki have given this new venture valuable help. He also quotes many of the personal reports given by the students attending these classes, and these reports clearly show how easy it is for a young Zen Buddhist aspirant to become entirely lost in the spacious halls of his own imagination.

The centre of interest in *Zen Buddhism and Psychoanalysis* lies in its consideration of the relationship existing between Zen Buddhism and Psychoanalysis. Dr. Hans Jacob has worked along lines similar to those followed by the authors of *Zen Buddhism and Psychoanalysis* and he traces the meeting points of Psychoanalysis and the ancient Indian Science of Yoga. All of these books are opportune and are to be welcomed at this particular moment, for they may act as a corrective to a work which was published a few months ago by Arthur Koestler, a work written, it would seem, for the express purpose of discrediting the over-vaunted "Wisdom of the East." In the opinion of the writer of this article, the books which have been reviewed in this short article should be read in the following order: *Zen Comes West, Zen Buddhism and Psychoanalysis* and *Western Psychotherapy and Hindu Sâdhanâ.*

KENNETH WALKER

Hindu Veda Dharma. By ANANDASHANKAR B. DHRUVA. Gujarati. (Prachyavidya Mandir, Baroda. 384 pp. 2nd ed., 1960. Rs. 4.75)

Those who have read Dr. Radhakrishnan in English and Dr. Anandashankar Dhruva in Gujarati will be agreeably surprised to notice a marked similarity in their approach to Hindu philosophy and the Hindu way of life. This only indicates the earnestness and discernment which all serious thinkers of modern India have shown in interpreting traditional ideas in modern terms and showing their applicability to the contemporary situation.

This handbook on Hinduism was written by the late Dr. Dhruva in 1919 at the instance of the late Maharaja Sayajirao of Baroda, and it was designed as a textbook for teachers who would instruct students in morals and religion and who needed, therefore, to be equipped with authentic knowledge of the significant sacred texts.

Beginning with a general note on the characteristics of Hinduism and an account of the sacred books of the Hindus, the author proceeds to give selections from the Samhitas, Upanishads, Smritis, the *Bhagavad-Gita,* the six *Darshanas,* etc., together with translations of them in Gujarati. They provide grounds for tracing the growth of religious ideas and institutions from the Vedic times to the present day. Dr. Dhruva holds that the ancient Rishi had a concept of the supreme deity, whose visible forms were the other gods such as the Sun and the Fire. This concept later evolves into the philosophy of the Upanishads, which has been the basis of the Hindu way of life through the ages.

Historical Hinduism combines monism with a doctrine of devotion for the common man. It recommends meditation on the formless Infinite but does not repudiate worship of the deity through visible forms and ceremonies. It denounces worldliness, but recommends "works" without attachment.

The book includes chapters on the four *varnas,* the four *ashramas,* Karma and Rebirth, *samskaras,* Incarnation, etc., and also short sketches of the lives of the great Acharyas and the saints. For the general reader it is an excellent introduction to the essentials of Hinduism, and it is the best of its kind in Gujarati.

V. R. Trivedi

The Upanishads: Gateways to Knowledge. By M. P. Pandit. (Ganesh and Co., Ltd., Madras. 174 pp. 1960. Rs. 6.00)

This book is a welcome addition to the available rich literature on the Upanishads. Its special value consists in the fact that it seeks to present in a clear and concise form Sri Aurobindo's interpretation of the Upanishadic teaching. The Upanishads are, according to Sri Aurobindo, "a kind of poetry — word of vision, rhythm of the spirit — that has not been written before or after." The Upanishads, says Sri Aurobindo, are "vehicles of illumination and not of instruction." They are a valuable guide to God-realization and not philosophical speculations of the intellectual kind. Western scholars and their Indian followers have treated the Upanishads as philosophical treatises replete with cogent arguments spun out by reason. Following the genuine Vedic tradition, the Upanishads are here shown to be records of spiritual experiences of the Ṛshis who "saw Truth rather than merely thought it." As Truth is to be realized and not simply to be known, the seeker of Truth has to undergo *sādhanā* (spiritual discipline). For this purpose the Upanishads have suggested many disciplines, such as *Bhūmā Vidyā, Madhu Vidyā,* etc. The Upanishadic doctrine of *Pancha-Koshas* (five sheaths of the soul) inspired Sri Aurobindo in the development of his Integral Yoga.

This book will certainly be a very valuable help to the understanding of the Upanishads and I heartily recommend it to the notice of all students of Indian religion, philosophy and culture.

D. G. Londhey

The Wisdom of Buddhism. Edited by CHRISTMAS HUMPHREYS. (Michael Joseph, London. 280 pp. 1960. 21*s.*)

Horace Hyman Wilson, while busy in the mint of Calcutta, once came across an aphorism from the *Hitopadesa* rendered into English:—

> Due hospitality must be displayed
> Even to foes who visit us as guests:
> Will any tree ever deny its shade
> To the dull lout who cuts it down with zest?

It induced him to commence the study of Sanskrit, for he gathered that this sentiment was to be found in Sanskrit literature. In time Wilson became a great Orientalist and laid many under his debt with his magnificent volumes of translations. Since then others have, in a similar way, followed in his steps. No praise is too high for those who widen the horizon of the general reader not endowed with the gift of tongues.

When twenty years ago Lin Yutang issued his anthology *The Wisdom of India*, it met with immediate success. Evidently it supplied a long-felt demand. Though it contained nothing new, hardly a scrap of anything hitherto untranslated into English, it gave a fairly comprehensive picture of Indian wisdom: selections from the Hindu scriptures, epics, traditional tales, humorous stories as well as excerpts *in extenso* from the Buddhist *Dhammapada, Jatakas, Sutras,* sermons, and *Lalita Vistara* (Edwin Arnold's version: *The Light of Asia*). One success calls for another, and this book has been followed by a number of similar anthologies. Now in their wake comes *The Wisdom of Buddhism* compiled by the Founder-President of the (British) Buddhist Society. Such a volume is bound to evoke considerable interest. Its perusal, however, may cause disappointment in that it tries to cover too wide a field by giving excerpts from Buddhist writings from various Asian countries which are far too brief. Already known to the specialist, they are apt to be incomprehensible to the layman.

© SUDHIN GHOSE

Foundations of Tibetan Mysticism. By LAMA ANAGARIKA GOVINDA (Rider and Company, London. 311 pp. Illustrated. 1960. 30*s.*)

The Buddha claimed that he had no secret teachings to impart, that he had not that closed fist of an esoteric master (*ācariyamuṭṭhi*). But the invincible course of history equipped the original doctrine with esoteric wings, and this book presents Buddhism in one of its flights into the mystical heights. An offshoot of Mahāyāna, the Tibetan religion reveals a direct impact of the Tāntric traditions as prevalent in Bengal during the sixth and subsequent centuries; Maurice Percheron has rightly called this religion Yogo-Tāntric Buddhism. The celebrated Atīśa, whose pupil Mar-pa founded the Ka-Gyü-pa order (to which our author belongs), hailed from Bengal, the home of magic and mysticism. The book justifies this background.

The author, who is "an Indian national of European descent and Buddhist faith, belonging to a Tibetan Order and believing in the Brotherhood of Man," is indeed a remarkable soul; his creative understanding of Indian thought stems from his energetic, inquiring and intuitive dispositions. In the present book, he has encased the results of study and cogitation for over twenty years in Tibetan solitudes. His acquaintance with the Tāntric tradition and the skill with which he reconciles the Buddhist wisdom with the esoteric ideas of the Tantra are at once evident to the reader of this volume.

The book is an endeavour to explain the mystical formula *Oṁ maṇi padme Hūṁ*, with which the Tibetan atmosphere resounds. The formula is effective not by its intrinsic power but by the mind's experiencing it (p. 28); and the author explains at great length the psychological aspects of the Mantric tradition both in orthodox Hinduism and in Buddhism. The *maṇi* in the formula signifies the "jewel of the mind," and mind is the diamond sceptre (*vajra*), which suggests its power. The *padma* (*lotus*) is the symbol of spiritual unfoldment; and the final expression in the formula, *hūṁ*, suggests the integrative descent of the state of universality into the depth of the human heart, even as *Oṁ* is the ascent towards universality (p. 130). The world of symbolism that obtains between the bounds of these two expressions comes in for elaborate explanation in this book: "The way from Oṁ to the Hūṁ is that of realizing the universal in the individual" (p. 213). It is a sublime theme; and the author goes about it with etymological, semantic, philosophical and esoteric explanations. There is a persistent emphasis on the practical aspect, inasmuch as the human body, although transitory, is "the temple of the highest forces and attainments" (p. 195). The book also contains expert information concerning the six psychic centres (*cakras*) (pp. 140 ff.), and their relation to the conception of Dhyāni-Buddhas (p. 196 f.).

The book is a mine of esoteric information, and it is an experience to read through it. The talented wife of the author has adorned the book with eight fine photographic plates of Tibetan divinities; there are numerous brush drawings which illumine and illustrate the written word. In effect, this is an excellent volume: well written, tastefully illustrated and finely executed.

But hardly anything in the world is of unmixed merit. There are some errors in the book resulting from the author's enthusiasm for esoteric interpretations. The analogy of the "warmth of emotion" with the "heat of *tapas*" (p. 162) is misleading: they are not analogous; the former makes for the fire while the latter quenches it. Another glaring error is the confounding of the Buddhist *ānāpānasati* (a meditational method) with the *prāṇāyāma* methodology (p. 152); perhaps the author is not aware that in the former method there is no attempt at regulation of breath but only intent observation. His explanation of the Buddhist meditation in terms of the fivefold *prāṇas* (pp. 153-4) is altogether irrelevant. It is amusing to read that the Hindu system emphasizes more the static side of the psychic centres (p. 134): it cuts at the root of Hindu *sādhanā*! It is to be regretted that the author has forgotten to include a historical account of the development of Tibetan mysticism.

In conclusion, the reviewer is astonished how far away Buddhist ideas have travelled from the mainspring! Should Gotama the Buddha come back to read this book, he would be bewildered! This book no doubt marks a good contribution to Tāntric symbolism; but was it more than a mediæval folly to invent a quaint esoteric apparatus for the Buddha's plain teachings?

S. K. Ramachandra Rao

Zen and Shinto: A History of Japanese Philosophy. By Chiko Fujisawa. (Philosophical Library, New York. 92 pp. 1959. $2.75)

In this small volume are compressed two monographs: "The Impact of Shintoism on the Development of Japanese Zen" and "The Essential Characteristics of Zen Buddhism."

In the second and shorter monograph

one is on familiar ground; but, as rightly emphasized, few people take it into consideration that Zen Buddhism only reached its flowering through the influence of Shintoism, "which constitutes permanently the kernel of the Japanese existential thought-pattern."

In the first monograph, the reader is introduced to the basic aspects of Shinto cosmology. It is essential to become conversant with the significance of the cosmic dialectics animating Japanese mythology, legends and historical accounts, which also reveal the basic relationship between the Imperial Family, the Japanese people and the Land of Japan — which in ancient times used to be called "Sumera Mikuni," carrying the symbolic meaning: The Divine-Transparent-Clarity-Recuperative-Land.

"Shinto" means the Way (Tao in Chinese) of Kami. What the author wants us to realize is that in Shinto there is a communal vitalistic faith which should enable us to enter into direct communion with the source of cosmic Life ever throbbing rhythmically in the Universe. Then, should all the nations revert to this source of their respective lives, there will be gradually realized a psychical unity of mankind.

The present-day Neo-Shintoists have set up the Shinto International Academy. Here trained Japanese Neo-Shintoists will be able to take the initiative to create a persuasive atmosphere in dissuading the Capitalist democrats and the Marxist totalitarians from continuing their pernicious "power politics."

Zen and Shinto contains the very substance of Japanese life and thought. It may be that the amazing adaptability of the Japanese psyche will be a contribution to the world's hope for permanent peace.

SISTER VAJIRA

Newly Discovered Gnostic Writings: A Preliminary Survey of the Nag-Hammadi Find. By W. C. VAN UNNIK. (Studies in Biblical Theology No. 30. SCM Press, Ltd., London. 96 pp. 1960. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The great find of Gnostic documents at Nag-Hammadi in Egypt has attracted interest almost equal to that of the Dead Sea Scrolls. Some of the material has now been published, notably the books contained in the Jung Codex and the Gospel of Thomas, consisting of a Collection of Sayings ascribed to Jesus.

The books are of a syncretistic character, where Gnostic concepts of the redemption of the soul blended with religious ideas of the Middle East found in Christianity a language and medium of expression sympathetic to their purpose. We have not to look for any new light on the actual life and teaching of Jesus from these sources, only to observe the way in which the Christian message could be adapted and enlarged upon to meet a spiritual need of the time.

Dr. van Unnik most helpfully discusses the background of the books and the Gnostic systems to which they relate, and describes particularly the Gospel of Thomas, the Gospel of Truth, the Apocryphon of John and the Apocryphon of James. His book offers a knowledgeable and readable guide to these important discoveries.

HUGH J. SCHONFIELD

The Lure for Feeling. By MARY A. WYMAN. (The Philosophical Library, New York. 192 pp. 1960. $4.75)

This is not a book on technical philosophy, although it deals mainly with the philosophy of Whitehead, who,

along with Lord Russell, wrote *Principia Mathematica* and whose *Process and Reality*, John Dewey said, belongs to the next century. Miss Wyman shows how, at the core of his philosophical thought, Whitehead is a mystic and has much in common with Indian thought, Goethe, Wordsworth, Chu Hsi, Emerson, Whitman and some other mystics. Whitehead himself acknowledged the influence of Plato on him, and felt that, in some respects, he was nearer Indian thought than Western (p. 25). In fact, no great philosopher who tries to visualize the world as a whole, however realistic he may claim to be, can avoid mysticism and feeling the deeper unity of man's consciousness with the world. The lure for feeling is the lure of the spiritual oneness of the universe exercised on the being of everyone. Miss Wyman, in explaining this lure, shows its relationship to the conceptual and the consequent natures of God as explained by Whitehead.

By pointing out the æsthetic component in Whitehead's thought, Miss Wyman has shown its relevance to both poetry and philosophy. The book is well worth reading, not only to philosophers but also to those interested in literature.

P. T. RAJU

Walden Two. By B. F. SKINNER. (The Macmillan Company, New York. 266 pp. Paperback Edition. 1960. 11*s.* 6*d.*)

Thoreau would have approved of this book. Frazier, the instigator of a new Walden community on a sizable scale, shows a party from his old College round his experimental Utopia. He hopes to convince them that here is the answer to living free from the pseudo-religious, political and commercial pressures that he believes have corrupted American society. His ideas are resisted heatedly by Professor Castle of the Philosophy Department, and less animatedly by Professor Burris (the "I" of the book), who is aware that his conventional University teaching has missed the mark, and eventually joins the Walden Two community.

Well-written, though too philosophic in content to make a really good novel, the book is a first-rate imaginative document. The descriptions of life in Walden Two are credible, and the characters convincing. Frazier's arguments will not appeal to everybody. He insists on appreciating the present for what it is, without constant reference to the past. He says:—

> What we give our young people in Walden Two is a grasp of the current forces which a culture must deal with. None of your myths, none of your heroes — no history, no destiny — simply the *Now*! The present is the thing. It's the only thing we can deal with, anyway, in a scientific way.

Frazier advocates what he calls "behavioural engineering" — a somewhat clumsy Americanism which includes, however, loving your enemies and sharing everything on equal terms with your friends in the community. He is critical of Democracy, because "It fails to take account of the fact that in the long run *man is determined by the state.*" Communism? Frazier claims that there are differences — among them that evolution is no solution, and that peace of mind and emancipation are not to be won on the level of power politics. "Russia is our rival," he claims. "It's very flattering — if you consider the resources and the numbers of people involved."

Meanwhile, no Walden Two exists in the West. It is extremely unlikely that any democracy, least of all the

United States, would tolerate such a community in its midst, and this may well be a tragedy.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

The Spirit's Pilgrimage. By MIRA BEHN (MADELEINE SLADE). (Longmans, London. 318 pp. Illustrated. 1960. 25*s.*; Rs. 15.00)

The powerful character which Madeleine Slade so richly reveals in her remarkable autobiography, a character so different from the popular conception of the Mahatma's disciple and attendant, was fostered by a happy and socially privileged upbringing as the daughter of a distinguished naval officer. Yet, even as a girl her interests were serious, and it was her love of Beethoven's music that led her to Romain Rolland and through him to the man to whom she was so utterly to dedicate her life. She recognized the call when it came as absolute. But characteristically she put herself through a year of resolute mental and physical training before she offered herself. When at last she arrived at the Sabarmati Ashram and was greeted by Gandhi with the words, "You shall be my daughter," her faith was justified.

> To be in his presence [she writes] was to be lifted out of oneself.... Here one was face to face with a Soul which, in its very greatness, made the body and speech through which it manifested itself glow with gracious and natural humility.

Yet to serve such a Master and the moral standards of strict truth, honesty and rectitude, which he upheld, as well as the exacting physical standards which were imposed, was as severe a test of devotion and character as could be imagined. This test was unflinchingly met throughout the next twenty years, but at the cost, as Mira Behn recognizes, of a never resolved tension between devotion and the independent bent of her nature. No one could have respected more fully the freedom of those who worked with him than Gandhi. But inevitably so strong a spirit dominated those nearest to him, and it was only after Bapu's death that his spiritual daughter was able to express herself more fully and develop her own interest in animal husbandry. Though her autobiography reveals something of her inner life, it is concerned chiefly with the ceaseless activity in which she engaged as a tireless and immensely capable worker in the struggle for Indian independence from the first Salt Campaigns to the terrible riots which accompanied and followed the transfer of power. It is as much the story of this struggle and of its leader as it is her own story. No one is better qualified to tell it factually and humanly from the inside.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

For Love or Money: Studies in Personality and Essence. By RICHARD REES. (Secker and Warburg, Ltd., London. 191 pp. 1960. 21*s.*)

In our "committed" society, the literary or quasi-philosophical essay struggles to escape extinction. It can only get collected into volume form by lending itself to a mild contortionist act that displaces its centre of gravity. Such a warping, in the interests of a general "trend," is uncomfortably detectable in Sir Richard Rees's group of meditative studies. An introductory chapter submits, as a unifying thread, the thesis that man's essence or being

needs developing in counteraction to mechanical, material, specialized knowledge. This belief was ardently upheld by two of Sir Richard's most respected authors — D. H. Lawrence and Simone Weil. They do not figure in this book as primary characters. Of those who do, neither Florence Nightingale, Dostoevsky, Dickens or Conrad can be said to be centrally occupied with just this philosophical problem, although the introduction places each one on the side of essence.

There remains the baffling doctrinal therapist Gurdjieff, who should at least bear out a thesis nurtured partly on his own pronouncement: "Essence is the truth in man; personality is the false." Stretch that unlucky "personality" to mean the outward, reasoned, common-sense approach to life — and we are still on the wrong side of the argument; for what Gurdjieff did to his group-members, as Sir Richard shows in a magnetic survey, was frequently to induce a terrifying mental or physical collapse.

The other studies can be enjoyed for their critical excellence once we stop searching for a doctrine that was never meant to sustain them. We are in Sir Richard's debt for tearing the live heart out of Florence Nightingale's diffuse, repetitive and digressive *Suggestions for Thought to Searchers after Truth*. If it reveals her personality (*pace* Gurdjieff!) rather than the Truth, Sir Richard yet finds her theories comparable with those of — can we guess it? — Lawrence and Simone Weil. His study of some of Dostoevsky's novels is still less theoretical and in parts most luminous.

SYLVA NORMAN

Henry Miller: His World of Urania. By SYDNEY OMARR. With Foreword by HENRY MILLER and Preface by JAMES BOYER MAY. (Published by Villiers Publications, Ltd., London, for 9th House Publishing Company, Hollywood, U.S.A. 108 pp. 2 Plates. 1960. 30*s*.)

This selection from writings by and about Henry Miller shows how astrology has helped to mould his thought and expression, the most rewarding part being Miller's own Foreword. There something of the real man discloses himself — a character very different from the "revolting" (in both senses of the word) mask his personality too often assumes in public opinion. He damns false astrology, but the true shows us that "there is a correspondence between macrocosm and microcosm . . . a rhythm to the universe, and that man's own life partakes of this rhythm." Yet even this is "less important than to sense the divine in everything, human and non-human." In the insight of the interpreter lies its art, and its holistic aspect draws him, as well as the power that its language of symbols has to convey what words will not.

> That which is written in the stars is written into our very being; we cannot escape the wheel of life, nor the wheel of birth and rebirth, but we can turn with the wheel, know without knowing, move without moving, die without dying — like a spark consumed in the flames.

One can be glad that Sydney Omarr's persistence set fire to this response, but one wishes so small a book did not cost 30*s*.

L. MARR

The Song of Songs: Translated from the Original Hebrew with an Introduction and Explanation. By HUGH J. SCHONFIELD. (Elek Books, Ltd., London. 104 pp. 1960. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

Is the *Song of Songs* an allegory of

the relation between the human and the divine, containing behind and within the erotic language and imagery, the desire of man's soul for union with God? Or is it just an early eastern morality play? Or an epithalamium composed for a royal wedding? Or a short anthology of love lyrics? Does it take its origin from the rites of a Syrian fertility cult? Such and other questions arise from the history of the study and interpretation of this book. All arise from the attempt to explain and justify the inclusion in the Old Testament of this frank and uninhibited love song. With each theory Dr. Schonfield deals clearly and succinctly, showing that each may represent part of the truth, but none the whole. Press any view too far and there may be error. The discussion of the ways of interpretation, together with the notes on geography, structure, date, authorship, etc., for which it prepares are, however interesting, but the preface to the main task — a new translation of the Song from Hebrew into English.

The work has been done with care and skill. The twelve cantos, justified in the course of the previous discussion, are set out in drama form, with interspersed explanations of the substance and imagery of the text. There may well be criticism of some of the renderings. Against this, the translator has, very reasonably, guarded himself.

> To convey the rhythm and the meaning it has been necessary to exercise a greater freedom of expression than would be acceptable in a translation made for scholarly purposes or Biblical study.... But a precise verbal conformity also has grave disadvantages in that it is liable to destroy the spirit, and in a work of poetic inspiration fail completely to reflect what the author is really saying.

Dr. Schonfield has completed a task of no small difficulty with charm and success, and in the end justifying his description of the poem as a song of enduring and many-splendoured human love pointing to an Eternal Love that never fails.

MARCUS WARD

The Golden Treasury: Selected from the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language. By FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE. (The Macmillan Company, New York. xvi+640 pp. Revised and enlarged. Two volumes in one. Paperback Edition. 1960. $1.95)

As it is now practically one hundred years since Palgrave's Golden Treasury was first issued to the public, the Macmillan Company have undoubtedly performed a valuable service by publishing a revised edition at a price which most people will be able to afford. Few alterations have been made to the text of Books One to Four compiled by Palgrave, but a further book, containing 259 poems, has been added. The revision of the period covered by the original volume has, on the whole, been carefully done. The editors of the present collection have corrected the omission of Blake, though not that of Traherne; and Donne is still represented by the short poem which Palgrave ascribed to "Anon." The additions, intended to bring together "the best and most enduring verses of those poets whose names have become, or will become, part of the English literary tradition," do, however, give serious cause for complaint. For instance, since the editors have taken the venturesome step of departing so far from Palgrave's principle of selection as to include a number of living poets, it is astonishing to find that whilst Aldington, Padraic Colum, W. W. Gibson and Mase-

field have been included, both Eliot and Auden have been ignored. Nor has respect been paid to Edwin Muir, Roy Campbell or Dylan Thomas, amongst the recently deceased. Similarly, if space could be found for Dora Sigerson Shorter and Austin Dobson, it was surely the most glaring of errors to omit Gerard Manley Hopkins and D. H. Lawrence — to say nothing of Charlotte Mew, Isaac Rosenberg, G. K. Chesterton, Humbert Wolfe and Lascelles Abercrombie.

HOWARD SERGEANT

Eric: A Dramatic Romance. By SRI AUROBINDO. (Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. 102 pp. 1960. Rs. 4.00)

A many-splendoured genius — Yogi, philosopher, poet — Sri Aurobindo was also a dramatist, but only *Perseus the Deliverer* was published in his lifetime. *Vasavadutta, Rodogune* and *The Viziers of Bassora* have appeared posthumously. One more play has just come out, *Eric,* which belongs to Sri Aurobindo's early Pondicherry period.

There is a struggle for power between Eric, the elected King of Norway, and Swegn, the Earl of Trondhjem. The latter's sister Aslaug and wife Hertha come to Eric's court dressed as dancing girls, seeking an opportunity to kill him. But Eric and Aslaug fall in love. Old hatred and new love fight for mastery in Aslaug's heart and soul. In the symbol realm of the gods there is likewise a struggle between Thor the ruthless god and Freya the auspicious goddess. Love triumphs, Thor's reign is ended and Freya's begins. After various alarums and excursions, Swegn is captured and pardoned; Aslaug marries Eric, and the people of Norway are assured of a termless period of peace and prosperity.

The kernel of the drama is the transformation of Aslaug. Transformed herself, she effects a like revolution in Eric. He realizes that wisdom and power are *not* enough; Love is the ultimate secret, and Love transcends both wisdom and power. In the central scene she debates the issue between hatred and love:—

> Not hate,
> O Eric, but the hard necessity
> The gods have sent upon our lives—
> two flames
> That meet to quench each other.

Twice she lifts the dagger to kill the sleeping Eric, but she cannot do it; it is the climactic moment in the play.

The dramatic situation, the characters, the precipitate push to the action till a new (and a wholly altered) situation develops, all have an Elizabethan vigour and vivacity. Above all, the stress is on the poetry, and situation, characters and action are all seized poetically. One passage alone need be quoted to illustrate the quality of this poetry:—

> Draw
> No useless curtaining of shamed refusal
> Between our yearnings, passionately take
> Thy leap of love across the abyss of
> hate.
> Force not thy soul to anger. Leave veils
> and falterings
> For meaner hearts. Between us let there be
> A noble twilight.

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

When East and West Meet. By J. M. GANGULI. (Carlton Press, New York. 264 pp. 1960. $3.50)

When East and West Meet, the "blurb" claims, is a philosophical novel, romantic-realistic in treatment and

social in scope. Characters in this "three-dimensional" novel are philosophers, no doubt, but, alas! they are so emaciated, so unearthly and so ineffectual, that they do not appear to be inhabitants of this earthy world of ours. The hero is a professor in a girls' college. He is an unusual introvert and, finding that one of his pupils, Sujata Baruah, is developing an emotional attachment to him, he undertakes a voyage to Europe on the same ship with the Baruahs to bring home to Sujata the practical hindrances to their marriage and to help her in finding a suitable husband. Indeed, matchmaking strikes one as the most important occupation of some of the characters, next only to philosophical conversation. Professor Gadgil is busy matchmaking for Sujata; Mrs. Sharma is so preoccupied with it that even in a casual meeting she does not fail to din into Mrs. Baruah's (Mrs. Sophia as the author chooses to call her) ears the necessity of marrying Sujata off; Aiyesha, the Arab matron, also thinks of a matrimonial alliance between the Professor and that untypical Texan, Sister Marian. Professor Gadgil is undoubtedly rather gawkish regarding sentimental attachments; he is a prosaic counterpart of Eliot's J. Alfred Prufrock, and when he decides to marry Marian, love, that many-splendoured thing, is desiccated, enfeebled, shrivelled.

The theme has many elements out of which a fantastic Hollywood film may be made: there are numerous characters, many whose presence in the novel has no purpose at all; there is a hair-raising adventure when the Professor is captured on board the ship by a group of brigands and is carried off to *Arabia Deserta*; there is the excitement provided by the Professor, who rescues innocent Arabs from the vile entanglements of Communism, spread by sinister-looking foreigners; in this brave *jehad* he succumbs to the blandishments of love and sets off for America with his bride-to-be and the children of an Arab, a member of the gang that took him away from the ship.

In spite of Shri Ganguli's best efforts his characters remain silhouettes, hollow phantoms, and in the carelessly printed pages (I chanced to notice half a dozen printing errors) of his sprawling novel, the East and the West have *not* met — they are still separated by the "unplumbed, salt, estranging sea."

DILIP KUMAR SEN

A LEAF FROM A BELGIAN DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** gives us this month a few stray thoughts that take their origin from the Belgian scene around him last December. — ED.]

IN BELGIUM where I am in the midst of this great general strike I have had a few moments to think and some little time, between conferences, to ask myself a few questions. I do not know, at the time of writing, whether these pages will be posted in time, for most services, postal, air and other, are at a standstill.

Strikes, partial or general, are much the same everywhere. They disrupt things. Government imposes taxes not to please people. It was Burke who said: "To tax and to please . . . is not given to me." A humorist whose name I do not recall remarked: "The difference between rates and taxes is this that rates are paid in sorrow and taxes in anger." Well, in a word, the people are angry. They could not care less whether the Congo has gone. They will not let the present Yuletide feeling make them forgive the government. Clearly the government has given a wrong kind of Christmas present. At least it is inopportune, to say the least.

Maeterlinck, whom I have been rereading, puts a question somewhere which has application to the present discontents. He says something about the state which recalls the words of Nietzsche. "The coldest of cold monsters is called the State. Coldly it utters its lies, and this lie crawls from its mouth: I, the State, am the people."

My thoughts turned to France and to lines written four hundred years ago by Fresanye. The poem begins with the words *Du parasseux sommeil*:—

From that mysterious, soul-benumbing trance
which holds you down, awake at last, O France!
Confess your fault, but cease to be self-rent
and self-subdued. Breathe eager discontent.
Recapture Freedom! Remedies applied,
put on your age-old, honourable pride!
And then forswear the soft and mazy path
which tempts you to forget the aftermath.

These lines occur to me when France is before the crossing of the ways: will it follow de Gaulle, as indeed it should, or let a handful of stubborn politicians drag its banner already soiled into the mire?

BALDOON DHINGRA

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

An experimental centre for the Study of World Religions was started in 1959 at Harvard University (Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.) and proved so successful that November 21st, 1960, has seen its official opening by Dr. S. Radhakrishnan. Thanks to the munificence of various anonymous benefactors, it is housed in a two-storey building, with 18 apartments. Separate kitchens enable religious dietary observances to be kept. In charge of the centre is Professor Robert Slater, himself of the Anglican faith, but who has lived many years in India and Burma. The London *India News* (of December 10th, 1960) reports some of Dr. Radhakrishnan's remarks at the inaugural ceremony, indicating the need to know all religions and not merely one's own.

In every religion, we have people who do not believe in provincialism, who emphasize religion as an experience to be attained by self-conquest and self-transformation, appreciation of other faiths and a sense of loyalty to the world community.

We must set aside differences caused by the accidents of geography and history and accept universal ideas transmitted by a common heritage. It should become as normal for an American or European student to be familiar with the civilizations of the East — Chinese, Japanese and Indian — as he is with the bases of Europeans.

It is my hope and prayer that in this centre for study of world religions, unbelief shall disappear and superstition shall not enslave the mind, and that all those who meet here shall recognize that they are brothers, one in spirit and one in fellowship.

To seek for truth, not to set up a cult, should be the aim. Working together "in a spirit of co-operation and mutual respect" will bring a greater understanding of what is true and vital in each religion. We might further ask, will the next step be the formation of a group that "belongs to no cult or sect, yet belongs to each and all?"

In an article entitled "Science and Spirit" in *Philosophy: The Journal of the Royal Institute of Philosophy*, of October 1960, Mr. Greville Norburn summarizes the important series of Gifford Lectures delivered by Michael Polanyi. Positivist science aims at a purely impersonal objectivity in its pursuit of knowledge. This is shown to be a false and dangerous quest because no sort of knowledge is possible from which the personal coefficient can be subtracted. This amounts to liquidating the human being as a responsible self and threatens the very ideal of science as an activity dedicated to the disinterested pursuit of knowledge. In every act of knowing there enters "a tacit and passionate contribution of the person knowing"; the personal coefficient is a necessary component of knowledge. This is most clearly seen in the work of genius whose function is to perceive connections and significances not visible to others; the qualities of integrity and perseverance and responsibility constitute the moral equipment of the scientist. Every assertion of fact carries with it the authority of the asserter. The false doctrine of impersonal objectivity is "a menace to all cultural values, including that of science itself."

The personal participation of the knower in all knowledge does not make knowledge subjective, for comprehension is "a responsible act claiming universal validity." As Polanyi puts it, "The scientist's intimations are personal, yet they are not a subjective state of mind but convictions held with universal intent." The scientist is seeking ultimately a vision of hidden reality. Scientific discovery

> uses the experience of the senses as clues, yet transcends this experience by embracing a vision of reality beyond the impressions of the senses — a vision which speaks for itself in guiding us to an ever deepening understanding of reality.

For Polanyi truth is the way nature answers our questions. In his view the essential thing about anything which claims to be true resides in "the power of its intellectual beauty to reveal truth about nature."

Finally, to Polanyi the aim of science is to attain some total vision of reality, a vision which includes the World, the Self and God,

> the God whom thought must posit, whose presence is betrayed in the order, novelty and evolution of nature, the vision of whose creative energy is the final satisfaction of man's rational quest.

The report recently issued by the International Commission of Jurists on "South Africa and the Rule of Law" (noted by the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* of December 15th, 1960) gives grave but sober warning about the "morally reprehensible" policy of apartheid. For though this policy may not in itself be an actual violation of positive law, yet the intolerant spirit that animates it, the way in which it is interpreted and administered demands urgent public attention. The injustice of "the policy of separation of races lies in the presumption of racial superiority translated into the deliberate infliction of an inferior way of life on all who are tainted by non-white skins." All the accusations that the Commission sums up are well known — the injustice of "permanent political, social, economic, and cultural inferiority" for over ten million non-Whites in the Union; resistance to the injustice treated as a criminal offence, bringing in its train arbitrary arrest and even a kind of "legalized slavery"; for Whites and non-Whites alike a "serious encroachment upon their freedom, and so on — but it is good that such an impartial, international and non-governmental body should express the matter so strongly and so authoritatively. Incidentally it gives due praise to the White minority in the Union who offer "constructive criticism" of the evil. But the Commission is not merely concerned with making an indictment, it is desperately anxious to "create an awareness, both in South Africa and abroad, of the full legal and moral implications of the current situation." Without that awareness there can be no betterment in racial understanding and co-operation, and without the latter there can be no effective change of policy.

Indeed, what the Buddhists term "the great dire heresy of separateness" may be called the root of evil, yet it grows from the seed of ignorance. Truth has to be repeated constantly, at every level of understanding, before it begins to penetrate and produce beneficial effects. This international and judicial reaffirmation of faith in the common humanity and common rights of mankind, should help a little in its own quiet way, to establish the balance of the scales of justice.

Many are the vibrant voices which echo the plea, so often put forward in

the pages of THE ARYAN PATH, for a reorientation of emphasis in regard to the grave problems confronting our civilization. Readers will recall Dr. S. Vahiduddin expressing hope, in our October 1960 number, of the coming up of "new men who will be . . . determined not only to live with one another but for one another and hold themselves responsible for the weal and woe of all." Again, in our issue for November 1960, Yuvaraj Karan Singh expressed his conviction that

> a real and abiding *solution* of the problems is only possible if we are able to make contact with and actively experience the true Reality which resides alike within us as within the entire creation. . . . It is an approach of faith, of hope, of confidence in the Divine potentialities of the individual human being.

The December 1960 issue of *Mankind* contains an article by its editor Shri Rammanohar Lohia, "A Philosophical Hypothesis," in which he expresses concern that

> the existing civilization is the producer of poverty, fear and war. About that there can be no doubt, however much one part of it may accuse the other. . . .
>
> . . . every thinking person must begin to examine the fundamentals on which such a civilization is based and the theories which uphold it.
>
> It will not do any longer to take one side or the other, to become an accuser or a defender, for that again is a frailty of the human mind. Most of our thinking goes on in terms either of accusation or of defence and very rarely in terms of understanding. . . .

Examining the causes of the unrest and misery, Shri Lohia says:—

> Why do errors occur in understanding of the being and becoming? Between the image and the reality there always falls a shadow. . . . The mind is always at play and it permits the eye or the ear and other senses or agencies to perceive only that which it permits . . . every expansion of knowledge is at the same time an expansion of ignorance. . . . this screen of prejudice or desire . . . projects one's own wishes into one's understanding.

Shri Lohia would "do away with the existing civilization with its ignoble purposes that are no longer possible to fulfil," and pleads for a quest after a revolution which "is, in fact, a philosophical necessity." What, then, are the ingredients of the new civilization? Shri Lohia enumerates them:—

> . . . maximum attainable equality . . . maximum geographical distribution of power . . . social ownership . . . small-unit technology . . . a decent standard of living for all mankind in place of an increasing standard of living within national frontiers . . . a minimum privacy of individual life protected from all collective encroachments . . . world parliament and government.

Granted these, Shri Lohia foresees:—

> Then would start a totally different serial of understanding of the "is" and the "ought." Then perhaps would the lamb be with the lion, love with anger, experimentalism with uncompromising action, moment with eternity, certainties of tested modes and pride with humility and questing mind, defence with accusation, demon with God, and men shall, for ever instead of trying to idealize the actual, strive to actualize the ideal.

The UNESCO Regional Seminar on Public Administration recently held in Delhi evoked considerable interest, as it tackled problems relating to the administration of new and rapidly growing towns in South Asia. The Seminar was inaugurated by Prime Minister Nehru, who, as he has often confessed, seemed to be working as "some kind of a maid-of-all-work," and, although what he had to say came from "odd thoughts and not ordered study," he made some suggestions at the Seminar which are worth the consideration of administrators and town-planners. For instance, his observation that "the

development of a city involves its progressive socialization" has particular relevance to the question of public utilities coming under public ownership. According to a report in the *Hindustan Times,* Shri Nehru, in the course of his speech,

> denounced the continuance of slums and emphasized the need for vigorous and unrelenting efforts to eradicate them, pleaded for a greater socialization of public utilities so as to ensure the maximum benefit to the community and endorsed the idea of imposing a tax on land values to curb speculation.

Recalling his earlier statements on the subject of slums, he confessed to a sense of frustration. "I have been talking bravely, and have even suggested the burning of slums, of destroying them." But he noted with sorrow that it was a frustrating experience to see the blots and horrors in the city and not be able to do anything about them. He insisted, however, that efforts to remove them must continue: we must not come to terms with the problem. He maintained that the tackling of slums remained the primary test of a city's administration.

Shri Nehru pointed out that sometimes great efforts had merely resulted in clearing the area by dislodging the inhabitants and generally causing a rise in the value of the land. He then dwelt on Henry George's suggestion, made in his book *Progress and Poverty,* and mentioned a tax on land values as a possible curb on speculation, remarking that the individual should profit as part of the community and not as an individual at the expense of other individuals. These are the signs of the times, and he concluded:—

> The present is a time of rapid change. Great attention has to be paid to the kind of public administration that is to be shaped in underdeveloped countries, particularly India, to tackle the different problems. There is a great danger of public administrations in underdeveloped countries talking big and aping others. That kind of attitude frightens me.

The Prime Minister is profoundly right in giving the question such importance. Physical surroundings have an effect that is by no means merely physical; and cities need to be regarded as associations, brotherhoods, for the purpose of cultured living. If we keep these humane ends in view, town-planning may produce more than architectural beauty; and socialization of public utilities serve as an outward symbol of sharing in a life of civility.

EMILY GREENE BALCH

IT IS WITH REGRET that we learn of the death, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, of Miss Emily Greene Balch. She died on January 8th, on her ninety-fourth birthday.

One of two American women to receive the Nobel Peace Award, Emily Greene Balch was Co-Founder, with Miss Jane Addams, of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

During the life of the League of Nations (of which she was a very strong supporter) she served as Honorary International Secretary at WILPF headquarters in Geneva.

From 1936 until her death she held the office of Honorary International President of the WILPF.

Whilst serving in army hospitals in Europe during the First World War, Emily Greene Balch conceived a strong hatred of war. She became an ardent pacifist, member of the Society of Friends, and a feminist, for she believed that women must also take their share of responsibility for world peace.

She was educated in Boston and at Bryn Mawr College, where she received the first European Fellowship Award. From 1896 to 1918 she taught in Wellesley College, but because of her outspoken views her appointment was terminated.

Before the Versailles Peace Treaty was drawn up, she submitted a series of peace proposals, some of which were adopted by President Wilson.

Between the two World Wars, she wrote and lectured on plans for lasting peace, became an energetic supporter of the United Nations.

During 1960, she served with Pearl Buck as Honorary Chairman of the Jane Addams Centennial Committee in America. During this same year, the last in her life, she saw the adoption of the Treaty for Internationalization of Antarctica, which marked the practical achievement of one of the positive steps for peace for which she worked.

When she received the Nobel Peace Prize in Oslo in 1946, she said:—

> I have spoken against fear as a basis for peace. What we ought to fear is not that someone may drop atomic bombs on us, but that we may allow a world situation to develop in which ordinarily reasonable and humane men, acting as our representatives, may use such weapons in our name.

As Else Zeuthen, present International Chairman of the WILPF, said recently:—

> Let us honour her [Emily Greene Balch's] memory . . . in the only way which she would have accepted it, by continuing her work in the same spirit.

GANDHIAN LITERATURE

By Mahatma Gandhi

	Rs. nP.
Autobiography (Library Edition)	7.00
„ (Standard „)	4.00
„ (Popular „)	2.00
„ (Abridged „)	1.50
„ (School „)	1.50
Ashram Observances	1.00
Bapu's Letters to Mira	3.00
Basic Education	1.00
Birth Control—The Right & the Wrong Way	0.40
Communism & Communists	0.20
Constructive Programme	0.37
Co-operative Farming	0.20
Delhi Diary	3.00
Economic & Industrial Life and Relations, 3 Vols.	10.50
Gandhiji's Correspondence With Govt. —1942-44	2.00
Hind Swaraj	0.50
Hindu Dharma	4.00
Homage to the Departed	2.50
Key to Health	0.50
Khadi—Why & How	3.00
Letters to Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel	2.50
Mohan-mala	1.00
"My Dear Child"	1.50
My Religion	2.00
My Socialism	0.25
Non-violence in Peace & War, 2 Vols.	12.00
Non-violent Way to World Peace	0.35
Panchayat Raj	0.30
Rebuilding Our Villages	1.00
Sarvodaya (Welfare of All)	2.00
Selections from Gandhi	2.00
The Message of the Gita	0.25
The Mind of Mahatma Gandhi	4.00
The Moral Basis of Vegetarianism	0.25
Removal of Untouchability	2.50
To Students (Abridged)	2.00
Truth is God	1.00
Woman's Role in Society	0.25
Women & Social Injustice	2.00

Latest Publications

	Rs. nP.
My Non-violence—Gandhiji	5.00
All Men Are Brothers—Gandhiji	3.00
Kasturba—Sushila Nayyar	1.50
Discourses on Gita—Gandhiji	0.50
Congress & Its Future „	0.40
The New Indian States „	0.25
India's Food Problem „	0.40
Prohibition at Any Cost „	0.20
Trusteeship „	0.25
Village Industries „	0.25
Bread Labour „	0.25
Character & Nation Building—Gandhiji	0.40
My Memorable Moments with Bapu—Manubehn Gandhi	0.50
Mahatma Gandhi—Correspondence with Govt.—1944-47	6.00
Anecdotes from Bapu's Life	0.40
Gopal Krishna Gokhale—Parvate	8.00

By Others

Gita According to Gandhi	3.00
Diary of Mahadev Desai, Vol. 1	5.00
A Compass for Civilization	3.00
A Philosophy of Indian Economic Development	2.50
Which Way Lies Hope?	2.00
Stray Glimpses of Bapu	2.00
Gandhi & Marx	1.00
Christianity—Its Economy & Way of Life	1.25
Practice & Precepts of Jesus	1.50
Towards New Horizons	2.00
Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, 2 Vols.	11.00
Bal Gangadhar Tilak	7.00
Bapu As I Saw Him	2.50
Search for Purpose	3.00
Educational Philosophy of Mahatma Gandhi	4.00
The Technique of Correlation in Basic Education	2.50
Bhoodan Yajna	0.87
Seven Months with Mahatma Gandhi	4.00
The Story of the Bible	3.00

Postage Extra

Full Catalogue will be sent on demand.

BY PYARELAL:

Mahatma Gandhi—The Last Phase, Vols. I & II

Price each Vol. Rs. 20/- Postage Vol. I Rs. 3/-, Vol. II Rs. 3.50

NAVAJIVAN TRUST

22/111, Mount Road, MADRAS-6; Statue Road, TRIVANDRUM-1; 130, Princess Street, BOMBAY-2; 41, Eden Hospital Road, CALCUTTA-12; Govind Mitra Road, PATNA-4; Aminuddaula Park, LUCKNOW; Connaught Circus, NEW DELHI; Yeshvant Road, INDORE; Chauda Rasta, JAIPUR; and H.O. Post NAVAJIVAN, AHMEDABAD-14.

THE PUBLICATIONS DIVISION

		Price Rs. nP.	Postage Rs. nP.
MAHATMA *(Life of Mohandas Karam Chand Gandhi) by D. G. Tendulkar New Revised Edition (in 8 volumes) Vol. I Published. Further Volumes under production*			
Cloth Bound Edition	*Per Volume*	15.00	0.70
	Per Set	100.00	—
Paper Bound Edition	*Per Volume*	11.00	0.65
	Per Set	75.00	—
MAHATMA GANDHI : *An Album with over 500 photographs*		35.00	—
BASOHLI PAINTING : *with 43 plates*		35.00	—
THE WAY OF THE BUDDHA : *An Album with over 400 photographs*		30.00	—
INDIA : *A Souvenir Volume with 62 photographs, many in colour*		25.00	—
KANGRA VALLEY PAINTING : *With 40 colour plates*		18.00	1.10
FACE OF NEW INDIA : *An Album portraying the new India*		16.00	1.10
THE INDIAN SARI *by Kamala S. Dongerkery*		10.00	0.85
HISTORY OF BENGALI LITERATURE *by Dr. Sukumar Sen*	*De luxe Edition*	10.00	0.85
	Ordinary Edition	8.00	0.75
INDIA 1960 : *A Reference Annual*			
	De luxe Edition	9.00	0.80
	Popular Edition	6.50	0.65
THE COLLECTED WORKS OF MAHATMA GANDHI *Vols. I & II each*			
	De luxe Edition	8.50	0.75
	Standard Edition	5.50	0.60
	Popular Edition	3.00	0.45
Vols. III & IV each	*Standard Edition*	15.00	1.40
	Popular Edition	9.00	0.80
SPEECHES OF PRESIDENT RAJENDRA PRASAD	*First Series (1950-52)*	4.50	0.55
	Second Series (1952-56)	4.50	0.55
OCCASIONAL SPEECHES AND WRITINGS *by Dr. S. Radhakrishnan*	*Combined Edition (1952-59)*	7.50	0.70
JAWAHARLAL NEHRU'S SPEECHES			
	Vol. I (1946-49)	6.50	0.65
	Vol. II (1949-53)	5.50	0.60
Vol. III (1953-57)	*De luxe Edition*	9.50	0.80
	Popular Edition	6.50	0.65
ECONOMIC HISTORY OF INDIA (1757-1900) *by Romesh Dutt*	*Vol. I & II each*	7.50	0.70
NUCLEAR EXPLOSIONS & THEIR EFFECTS *Second Enlarged Edition*		7.50	0.70
INDIA—A PICTORIAL SURVEY		6.50	0.65
WOMEN OF INDIA	*Popular Edition*	6.50	0.65
CONTEMPORARY INDIAN PAINTERS		5.50	0.60
EIGHTEEN FIFTY-SEVEN *by Dr. S. N. Sen*		5.50	0.60

(Registration Charges Extra)

BOOKS WORTH Rs. 25.00 OR OVER ARE SENT POST FREE

DELHI	Old Secretariat, Delhi-6.
BOMBAY	3, Prospect Chambers, Dadabhai Naoroji Road, Bombay-1.
CALCUTTA	A.I.R. Buildings, South Wing, Eden Gardens, Calcutta-1.
MADRAS	Anand Sagar, 8, Santhome High Road, Madras-4.

DA 60/624

Printed and published by M. Narayan at W. Q. Judge Press [International Book House (Private), Ltd.], 1, Shri B. P. Wadia Road, Bangalore 4, for the International Book House (Private), Ltd., 9, Ash Lane, Mahatma Gandhi Road, Bombay 1. Edited by Sophia Wadia, "Theosophy Hall," 40, New Marine Lines, Bombay 1, India.